

THE  
CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. LVIII.

MARCH, 1894.

No. 348.

THE DAWNING OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY  
IN EUROPE.

BY QUASIVATES.



YEAR 1900 begins in Europe with a frightful retrospect and a hopeful future. It witnesses the close of the greatest war of modern history, and the beginning of a new era of peace which, owing to the foundations on which it rests, promises to be durable. In its extent and in its ravages the war was without parallel. Almost every state in Europe, great and small, was involved. Torrents of blood have been shed; the torch and the cannon have levelled many of the fairest places of the continent. An armistice was at last agreed upon; a new congress of Vienna was held, and the terms of a general peace were at length arranged.

This peace might not differ from any of its predecessors, only in the probability of its being of greater length, were the dynastic conditions which marked its beginning at all similar to those which obtained at the outbreak of hostilities. Those "Spanish marriages" have been at the bottom of nearly every great international complication in Europe for the past three centuries. Why the populations of the most civilized quarter of the globe should have so long endured the imposition of a frightful periodical blood-tax and a no less monstrous money-drain, that the personal ambition of a half-a-dozen blue-blooded families might be gratified, must for ever remain a thing inexplicable to the historian. The fact that in a democratic age three or four ambitious individuals styled emperors were er-

Copyright. VERY REV. A. F. HEWIT. 1894.

abled, in furtherance of these matrimonial intrigues, to turn the whole continent of Europe into one vast series of military camps, taking millions of men away perennially from the pursuits of industry, can never be reconciled with the claim for superior intelligence which is advanced on its behalf. But it seems to be as useless to conjecture about the past as about the future. There are always "missing links" in history as there are said to be in physiology. We must be content to dispense with them, and contemplate things as we find them.

The new treaty of Vienna differs from all its predecessors in the extent of its international character. It is the joint agreement of all the European great powers, as well as that of Turkey, which can no longer be reckoned in that classification. The high contracting parties represent the alterations which have taken place in the form of European governments as a consequence of the war.

#### BIRTH OF NEW REPUBLICS.

To the list of European republics the names of Italy and Spain are now added. The houses of Bourbon and Savoy, whose vicissitudes and intrigues had so long kept a whole continent in a state of turmoil, no longer exist as regnant dynasties. The respectable old house of Braganza has followed suit. Geographically, Europe may be said to have reverted to its primitive divisions. Once more the Rhine is the boundary between Germany and the states on the north-east of France, with the Vosges and the Jura ranges of mountains taking the line down to the Swiss frontier. The confederated states of Holland, Belgium, Luxembourg, and Alsace-Lorraine form a barrier against aggression by either France or Germany, as neutralized territory under international guarantee. Republican Spain rules the whole Peninsula from the Pyrenees to Gibraltar—for the Mediterranean powers have compelled England, by a united blockade of the Suez Canal, to relax her grip upon the celebrated fortress. The Kingdom of Portugal has disappeared from the map. England has succeeded in retaining the island of Malta as a recognition of her right of way in the Mediterranean.

#### POLAND REDIVIVUS.

So much for the western part of Europe. On the north-east a change no less significant is visible in the territorial arrangements. The ancient kingdom of Poland has reappeared upon

the map—a strong state wedged in between Germany, Austria, and Prussia, stretching from the Baltic Sea away down to the Black Sea, with Odessa as an entrepot at the one extremity, and Memel and Riga on the other. She has her “scientific” frontier, on the west in the river Vistula, and on the east by the Dwina and the Dneiper.

To Italy Austria has ceded that ancient bone of contention, the Tyrol. Greece has had her national aspirations at length almost realized in the recovery of the old Byzantine territory from the Turk, whose only footing in Europe now consists in a small zone around Constantinople, the city of Adrianople, and the fortress of Varna.

#### THE PARTITION OF ASIA.

These not inconsiderable “rectifications” in Europe were not brought about without some sympathetic perturbations in other portions of the western hemisphere. Russia made compensations in Asia for her losses of territory in Europe. She was enabled, by means of her transcaucasian railway system, to throw enough troops into Khorassan to overawe Persia while she sat down before Herat. After a siege of six months that famous stronghold fell into her hands. This accomplished, she was within easy striking distance of Candahar. The ruler of Afghanistan, thus finding himself “between the devil and the deep sea,” had to make his election. There was never much love in Afghanistan for the conquerors of Cabul; the memory of the mollahs hanged there by General Roberts was burned deep into Moslem hearts. Russia, on the other hand, had never said or done an unfriendly thing to any Afghan, gentle or simple, but had always, on the contrary, been lavish in sending gifts—Grecian ones, perhaps, as it might turn out—to the rulers of Afghanistan. What wonder, when the alternative of a choice of masters, under the euphuistical designation of allies, was put before the ameer, that he should choose those who had given him political sugar-stick instead of those whose policy had always been “more stick”? Practically, then, Afghanistan is now a Russian province, and the Moscovite and English sentries can “almost receive the secret whispers of each other’s watch,” as they walk their respective rounds on either side of the Indus.

#### OPENING UP OF DARKEST AFRICA.

The development of Africa has received a new impulse in more than one direction. France had shown a degree of enter-

prise in colonization altogether unexpected. She had established a firm hold upon the important but somewhat mysterious city of Timbuctoo, enabling herself thereby to control the navigation of the Niger River. The degree of energy which she exhibited in this formidable enterprise recalls to the memory her former wonderful triumphs as the founder of colonies. We may look forward with certainty to the speedy connection between her Algerian possessions and the newly-conquered territory by means of a railway across the desert. Once the locomotive makes its appearance in North Africa, the long-deferred induction of that region into the domains of civilization will have fairly begun. The great success of France as a colonizer, by reason of the easily assimilable and winning Celtic temperament, opens up the vista of a bright future at last for the darkest portion of the "dark continent," as well as prosperity for the mother country as a result of her enterprising spirit.

At the opposite side of Africa the work of civilization is being steadily pushed on by means of the English hold upon Egypt. As a compensation for her surrender of Gibraltar the other powers were unanimous in conceding to Great Britain the privilege of extending her influence as far south as she found it practicable, and as far west as the borders of the Sahara desert. By an international agreement this desert becomes the property of France, to be converted into an inland sea, if the project be found feasible.

#### A SPANISH MARRIAGE AGAIN.

It was, as if to prove the irony of fate, out of the very precautions taken to preserve the general peace that the great explosion at last came about. As usual, there was a Spanish marriage in it.

A young lieutenant, a relative of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, who is in the anomalous position of being an English prince with a German patrimony, had gone to Spain for a holiday. There he met at court a young lady related to the Duke de Montpensier, whose beauty at once captivated him. On his return he disclosed the state of his feelings to his ducal relative, who saw no objection to the match, if the lady were agreeable, but the question of finances. This prince, though reputed to be very wealthy, owing to an inherited parsimoniousness of character, was unwilling to bear the burden of a matrimonial provision for his beloved relative, and the Mont-

pensier family, having only a short time before lost the greater portion of their revenue through the failure of a bank in which it was chiefly deposited, were in no position to give the lady a suitable *dot*. Hence both the Spanish Cortes and the electors of Saxe-Coburg were appealed to, to furnish funds for the matrimonial enterprise.

Whatever the differences between French Republicans, Imperialists, and Monarchists, they are alike agreed upon the principle that any strengthening of German influence in Spain must be resisted by France at any cost. They have sufficient trouble in defending their eastern frontier against their hereditary foe; to have him established in any guise on their southern flank also would be a deadly danger, in their view, to the security of France. Hence the French Republic was found repeating the performance of the French Empire in 1870, in promptly sending an energetic protest to the court of Berlin.

#### ANOTHER WAR CLOUD.

The elements for a very pretty international quarrel were here, then, in abundance, but the tangle was still further complicated by the action of Great Britain. That power and France had been on little more than terms of the most formal courtesy ever since Great Britain had begun to increase her navy. The fact that to the union of an English prince with the lady of his choice so decided an objection had been shown by the French government was taken as a deadly affront to the royal family of Guelph, and as the popular mind in England had been already prepared by a judicious course of war-scare treatment, there was little difficulty in winning over the popular House of Parliament to the endorsement of a war policy which had for long been a foregone conclusion.

Had the struggle which was inevitable from the clashing of those discordant forces been limited to a certain circumscribed theatre, as in former European wars, there would not, for the historian, have been more to chronicle and deplore than in the records of the past conflicts of that continent. But there were forces at work in this volcanic upheaval—some making for right and some for evil—which distinguished it from every one of its precedents. There was a war within a war. Not only was every country at war with its neighbor, but was at the same time waging a fierce internecine strife within its own borders. Anarchy made war upon government and society, while government endeavored to grapple with the foreign foe. The terrible

character of this vast international conspiracy, more deadly in its working than cholera, or Black Death, was the fact which at last opened the eyes of the passion-blinded combatants and disposed them towards the peace which the Sovereign Pontiff, at the first moment that his voice could make itself heard amid the roar of battle, counselled.

#### THE POPE SOLVES THE PROBLEM.

The system of neutral zones between contending countries is of ancient origin. But the application of such a principle to the separation of the great divisions of a whole continent was a gigantic thought capable of being conceived only by a master-mind. None but a sovereign occupying the exalted position of the spiritual ruler of Christendom could have the boldness to propound such a solution of the ever-living European problem.

The crown and apex of this herculean work is the settlement of the question of the Roman sovereignty. In this portion of the European scheme there is revealed a wisdom which seems almost superhuman. The question is now for ever removed from the region of temporal disputation and placed in such a position that no plots or intrigues can ever assail its security.

#### THE AMERICAN EXEMPLAR.

To the American Constitution Mr. Gladstone, some time ago, paid the flattering tribute of imitation when framing his plan for the formation of the Second Chamber in an Irish Parliament. To America the Holy Father likewise looked when evolving his plan for the settlement of the Roman difficulty. All the conditions necessary for the removal of the question from the region of debate for ever he found in the arrangement of the American Constitution providing for the immunity of the site of the national capital.

But before elaborating the mode by which the Holy Father worked out this proposal it is necessary to glance at some of the principal events which had their culmination in the greatest European war since the days of Gustavus Adolphus.

Those who conceived the much-talked-of plan of the Triple Alliance believed that it was the surest means of securing peace, but, as it proved, no more certain means could have been devised of provoking war. The Triple Alliance was looked upon by the states outside as a perpetual menace, and opportunities were eagerly looked for, while it lasted, for inserting the thin

end of the wedge into the first perceptible chink or fissure in the fabric.

But it was not from any external force the disruption came. In the conditions of the bond itself the seeds of disintegration were latent. The enormous army which each member of the alliance was bound to maintain perpetually proved to Germany and Austria a fearful strain upon the people and the national resources; but to Italy, the most impoverished and the most deeply involved country in Europe, it proved intolerable, and in fact crushing. Do what it might to collect the taxes to maintain this army, the taxes did not come in. Year by year the deficits in the treasury grew alarmingly greater. In ten years the budget receipts had fallen off from four hundred million dollars to three hundred and fifty millions. Not a dollar could be raised by the government from outside by loan or otherwise. Bankruptcy came, and with it came revolution.

#### THE CRASH IN ITALY.

Grim poetical justice attended every phase of the new movement. It was against the successful fomenters of revolution that the arms of revolution were now turned. It began in the island where Garibaldi and his filibusters began to play the jackal for the Piedmontese wolf. The people of Sicily were told by Victor Emmanuel that he had come to put an end to the era of revolution; after a few years of the House of Savoy they found themselves in a state of pauperism more frightful than that of the Egyptian fellaheen. Seventy-five per cent. of the Sicilian's earnings went either into the pockets of the landlord, the state, or the local government; he was not left sufficient to provide himself and his family with even the miserable handful of dried grapes and the scrap of coarse bread and garlic which is the only food of his class. In his misery he sighed for the days of the much-abused "King Bomba," when at least he got enough to keep body and soul together, and was not subject to that modern outcome of peace-preserving "alliances," the conscription.

But it was not in Sicily only that the iron of plunder and oppression had eaten deep into the people's life. Many parts of the mainland were in still worse plight. In Rome a nest of high-placed robbers, with the king and his ministers at their head, had for years been systematically stealing the people's money from the banks. The scandals were so frightful that many times the populace were on the point of open revolt in the streets,

and the Chamber of Deputies became daily the scenes of wildest uproar and passionate denunciation. Ministry after ministry resigned. Even Crispi, who as a last resource had been recalled from an enforced retirement to try to stave off ruin, was unable to carry on government in the face of the gathering storm. At last the crash came. There was no money to maintain the army; the troops fraternized everywhere with the rioters; the cry "Down with the house of Savoy!" resounded in the streets, and the crowned hypocrisy which had installed itself with robber insolence in the Pope's palace of the Quirinal was forced to fly through the gates which a few years before it had brought its cannon to batter down about the ears of the gentle Pius the Ninth. Surely the whirligig of time has strange revenges.

#### THE TRIPLE ALLIANCE INVOLVED.

This was the first blow for the Triple Alliance; another quickly followed. Austria, mindful of her old supremacy in the peninsula, began pouring in her troops, on the pretence of restoring order; but the Italian garrisons in the Quadrilateral region stood firm for the newly-proclaimed Italian republic. The German government endeavored to deter the Austrian statesmen from interfering in the internal affairs of Italy, but was met with a stern rejoinder. This was the signal for which the impetuous kaiser had been waiting. Bismarck's return to power had been signalized by a step for which the world was quite unprepared. Contrary to all the traditions of the past half-century Great Britain had again taken a hand in the affairs of the Continent, and the outcome of her interposition was a secret treaty with Germany. And now developed a drama for which no parallel was ever found upon the stage of the world's theatre.

The reply of the German emperor to the French note protesting against the Spanish alliance was a haughty refusal to be bound in any way by the wishes of his Gallic neighbor, and an immediate strengthening of the garrisons of the Alsatian frontier. Simultaneously came a note from England protesting against any interference by France in a matter of such concern to the English royal family. France, which had for years been hungering and thirsting for a war of revenge, was not in a mood to take such fillips tamely. A mobilization of six army corps in the east and south was her reply to the German menace, and the dispatch of one iron-clad squadron from Cherbourg to the English Channel, and another from Toulon to the mouth of the Suez Canal.



## SPAIN BECOMES A REPUBLIC.

In Spain the emissaries of Germany began a movement with the view of exciting a hostile sentiment towards France. The Montpensierists endeavored to bring about an understanding with the Conservative and Unionist groups, in order to carry through the Cortes a declaration favorable to the German alliance, and in this they were successful. The Republican groups acted together in order to defeat the scheme, but they were outvoted by a narrow majority. When the resolution came up a second time for ratification they left the chamber in a body, and, returning to their constituencies, began a campaign of open hostility to the monarchy. Insurrectionary movements followed with lightning rapidity. Barcelona, Santander, Cadiz, became the theatres of sanguinary struggles, with disastrous results for the royalists; the garrisons of Seville and Madrid made a simultaneous *pronunciamiento* in favor of the republic, and the Escurial being threatened by the insurgents, an immediate flight of the young king, the princess regent, and the royal household followed. The republic was formally proclaimed, and being immediately recognized by France, an alliance offensive and defensive was at once entered upon between the two countries. A similar movement took place in Portugal. Bands of Spanish Republicans crossed the border to aid their brethren, the royal family took refuge in the castle of Belem, and were glad to capitulate when the fortress was threatened with bombardment by the iron-clads which had gone over to the insurgents. They were taken on board an American vessel which lay in the Tagus, and having been permitted to get some of their personal property together, sailed in a few days for the United States. The Iberian Peninsula was now republican from end to end, with Zorilla as president and Pi y Margall as prime minister.

## THE FRENCH CROSS THE RHINE.

France, having thus secured her southern frontier, now entered upon the war with tremendous energy. Leaving two army corps to keep the garrison of Metz in check, Marshal Canrobert, under cover of the guns of Belfort, crossed the Rhine with the army of the east, and fought a decisive battle with the Bavarian forces, led by the king in person, at Sultzburg. A week later his army had surrounded Munich and beaten back the division led by the king of Saxony. The

army of the north meanwhile had closed in around Strasbourg, thereby preventing any attempt on the part of the German forces there to join hands with the army in Metz. A division led by the emperor attempted to force the passage of the river from the fort of Kehl, but the superiority of the new French field artillery rendered the effort futile. The French forces, under cover of their strategic works, gradually closed in around the city, and prepared for a regular siege. The fortress of Belfort being free to keep open the passage of the river below, within a fortnight six more army corps had crossed into Swabia, and the united force, taking town after town on its way, soon occupied Stuttgart and prepared to march on Berlin.

Everything had miscarried with the plans of the Triple Alliance. The events which had transpired in Italy completely upset all the calculations of the allies. Austria was powerless to help Germany with her land forces, for she found in the campaign in Lombardy and the guarding of her northern frontier quite sufficient to tax all her energies.

#### RUSSIA KEEPS HER TOULON PLEDGES.

Hitherto Russia had done nothing to show that there was any reality in the reported alliance between the czar and the French Republic. The first signs of activity were, however, characteristic. A hurried massing of British troops in the Pishin Valley indicated in what quarter the Muscovite blow was likely to descend. The demand of England for an explanation of a simultaneous movement of Russian and Persian troops upon Herat was met by an ambiguous reply from both czar and shah; a movement of the English Mediterranean squadron towards the Black Sea was checked by the announcement that the passage of the Dardanelles had been forced by the belted cruisers of Russia, which had been joined by the French Mediterranean squadron in the *Ægean* Sea. The Austrian fleet was held in check by the Italian iron-clads, and the combined Russian and French squadrons suddenly appeared before Suez and began a blockade of the head of the canal.

The flames of war now lighted were not all those of mere international rivalry and the wantonness of armed power. The conflicts of tyranny are the opportunities of the oppressed. Long-suffering Poland saw her chance in the outbreak of a general struggle. Aided by the brave Bulgarians, who had learned to their cost what it was to be indebted to Russian help, they raised the standard of revolt in Cracow, Warsaw, and several

other places. The garrisons had been drawn off to swell the armies massed on the German and Austrian frontiers, and only detachments were left to man the fortresses. These were easily overpowered by the eager insurgents, and for the first time for a century the standard of Sobieski was unfurled over the walls of the Polish capital.

This movement was totally unexpected. It disconcerted the plans of the czar most materially. The Cossack advance on Afghanistan was checked, and many regiments were drawn off for European service. But a most unaccountable paralysis seemed to overcome the Russian forces. Indecision was manifested in every movement; troops ordered to one quarter were suddenly ordered back to another; every day there was something startling. Rumors of court-martials, and wholesale shootings, and banishments to Siberia began to leak out. At last the truth came to light—the army could not be depended on; it was honeycombed with Nihilism.

To crown all, Greece, with the help of the French squadron in the *Ægean*, made a successful attack upon Turkey.

For six months the conflict raged all around with varying fortunes but little substantial results to any of the combatants. A terrific fight between the French and English squadrons in the English Channel had ended in the sinking of half-a-dozen ships, by ramming and by the explosion of torpedoes. The losses were almost equally divided, and the result was a drawn battle. Horrified at the vast outpouring of blood and the frightful waste of material resources, the American people and press at last began to ask what was the use of it all.

#### THE POPE AS ARBITER.

The word "arbitration" was upon every tongue, and all eyes were turned instinctively towards the illustrious occupant of the Vatican. His was the only voice in the whole world which would have a chance of being listened to in that pandemonium of passion and universal horror.

The word was spoken, and was at length listened to. A general armistice was first arranged, and then a conference of plenipotentiaries was convened in St. Petersburg.

The propositions of each power were formally submitted, after full instructions from the home governments, and each plenipotentiary gave a solemn assurance that he would be bound by the decision which his Holiness, after three months' dis-

cussion of the proposals, with the help of two leading juriconsults from America, should render.

As to the settlement of the Roman question, the suggestion came from America. The idea was to follow the example of the American Union with regard to the City of Washington and the District of Columbia. This is a sort of neutral territory, whose affairs are controlled by commissioners nominated by Congress. There are no representatives for the district, and no elections in it consequently.

The patrimony of the church has been restored, and the government of the city and territory is placed in the hands of commissioners chosen by the Holy Father. Florence is the capital of the republic, and Rome once more the capital of Christendom.

Now Europe, whilst retaining her ancient divisions, is traversed by a series of neutralized states which serve as barriers between the rival powers; the right of free passage on all the high seas, including the Mediterranean and the Dardanelles, is guaranteed to the whole world, and the head of the Catholic Church is at last free to deal without let or hindrance with every portion of his wide-spreading domain. The Eternal City has wakened up from the fitful fever of Revolution, the money-changers have been driven from the temple, and an era of blessed tranquillity now seems to have dawned at last over long-distracted Europe. The Pope once more is free.



## ADIRONDACK SKETCHES.—II.

BY WALTER LECKY.



HAVE you heard of Squidville, on the Salmon River? Of course you must. It was there that Bob Stevens fought his famous fight with the big Indian Jock.

"The little stage over yonder at Ransom's runs through Squidville and stops at Porcupine Creek. You say you want fishing; if you do, youngster, that's the place."

The speaker was a tall, angular man with high forehead, indented cheeks, and gray, piercing eyes. He was still lithe and active, although past the forties. It was easy to see that he was a French-Canadian, and his tanned cheeks and shoulder-droop made the guessing of his occupation an easy task. A few days before the rain had come down in torrents, the river was swollen, and thousands of logs, like bits of kindling-wood, were carried down its angry current from Squidville and Porcupine Creek. The rain had ceased, the river subsided, and the choppers had come down to Malone to have their logs measured, and to receive pay for their winter's work. One of them was the speaker, Frank La Flamme; and the man that he wished to visit his mountain home was a clerk of the company that had bought his logs. The clerk promised that his first vacation would be passed in Squidville; and as the stage-man was hitching his horses La Flamme, with a "Mind your promise, youngster," hurried off and mounted the stage. An elderly lady, with a noticeable tinge of Sioux blood in her veins, was just then being politely helped into the stage by a grave, dignified, bald-headed merchant, while his business partner was barely able to place by her side a huge basket of groceries. "Comme se vu, grandmother. You're early getting ready for the dance." The old lady smiled, muttered "Oui," and settled herself to sleep. The bald-headed man, hearing La Flamme's voice, seemed glad. His face, at least, showed some lighter shades akin to laughter.

"Hello, Frank! ain't you comin' in?"

"I guess not, Mr. Ransom."

"Well, Frank, you may do as you please. You promised to pay us the interest, at least, as soon as you sold your logs. If you break your promise I cannot keep mine."

"Mr. Ransom," said La Flamme, holding down his head, "do give me a little time. Times are bad; the new standard has destroyed us this year; and if that was not enough, I had to lose my horse with a spavin. What was I to do? I had to go in debt for another, so that I could skid my logs in time. You can wait. You know I'm as honest as the sun. Didn't I deal with you for twenty years, and didn't you always get your pay some time?"

"I won't wait, Frank," was the gruff answer of Mr. Ransom, as he politely bowed to his now nodding customer, Grandmother Croquet. It was not Croquet's way to notice what she disdainfully called "Yankee business touches."

"Ransom, you're a scoundrel; you told me to come and trade, and pay when I got ready; now, because I am deep in your books, you throw away the glove and show your hand. I can't pay; so do your best," was La Flamme's rejoinder, hissed through his teeth, while his dark gray eyes became feline in their expression.

The crack of the stage-man's whip was the full-stop mark to the conversation. The old lady woke, rubbed her eyes, and noting La Flamme's sulk, that had spread over his face, muttered, "Devra avoir honte, François"; then gave a sharp look at her basket, shut her eyes, and went asleep. A half-dozen of choppers, with their bright red stockings drawn tightly over their pants' legs, and their wide-brimmed hats set back on their heads, boarded the stage, talking loudly their patois, gesticulating, laughing immoderately, presenting to the casual observer that peculiar phase of the French-Canadian character—present contentment.

"Gee up," said the stage-man.

"Get a gait on your horses," said one of the choppers. "I like that horse on the nigh, but his mate's a dandy," said another. "They are breeched and spavined," said a third. "I wouldn't give a dollar mortgage on them," said the fourth, pulling from his inside pocket a huge black bottle of Canadian high-wines. The bottle was carelessly passed around; even the elderly lady with the tinge of Sioux awoke in time to take what Berry the driver called "a 'sky-flier' of a pull." La Flamme, with sullen look, held himself aloof from this growing weakness of the French Canadian who has made the States his home.

It was strange—so strange to his fellow-choppers that little Piquet vowed that "Frank was coming to be an angel."

"There's as much fear of that as a wood-chuck leaving his hole when you are around," said big La Jeunesse, looking serious.

"Hand him that bottle, Brie, and let him have an old-time swig; it's the genuine thing. See how it opened Grandmother Croquet's eyes," cried Berry, turning on his seat to see if Andrieux, who hugged the bottle to his chest, would fulfil his commands.

"Andrieux," said La Flamme, drawing his thin lips in the way of his teeth, "I will not touch that cursed stuff. It has been my ruin for many a day. Can't you fellows have fun enough without me? I have bother enough. That miserable beggar, the horse-dealer, met me an hour ago and made me pay in full for that old horse that he 'palmed' on me as a young beast—yes, all the money that I had, even the interest due to Ransom. I guess it's always the way: if you're poor everybody wants to bite you."

"How much did you give him?" said Berry, cracking his whip.

"One hundred and twenty-five," was La Flamme's doleful reply.

"Heavens!" said Piquet.

"You were taken in," said Andrieux.

"The horse ain't worth fifty dollars. The moment I saw him I told you that he was spavined. Didn't I, Frank?" shouted Brie.

"You fellows know everything about a horse when somebody tells you. Why don't you air your wisdom before a fellow as poor as I be makes a trade?" was La Flamme's sarcastic reply.

"Well, La Flamme"—and Brie pulled from his pocket a huge plug of newly-bought tobacco, carefully rolled in a deerskin bag—"because you have the name of being a kind of horse-jockey; and no matter how good a hand a man might be around horses, he's not such a fool as to give pointers to a jockey."

The discussion came to an abrupt end by Berry jumping from his wagon, dancing and slapping his hands against the side of his big coat, shouting "Squidville! All out for Squidville!"

Squidville—its origin is lost in obscurity, like that of most mountain towns in these regions. Billy Buttons, the guide, avows that it is named after a man named Squid, while Blind

Cagy says that its name is Skidville, or the place where they skidded logs. The traveller has no escape between these rural historians, whose arguments pro and con. are the nightly fascination of Squidville Hotel. Squidville—I prefer the spelling of Buttons—"is the easiest town in the State to find your way in"; that is the first salutation of Jim Weeks, the jolly, fat proprietor of the "Hunter's Paradise." The town skulks along the Salmon River for a distance of half a mile. "The number of log-cabins in this our city," says Buttons, "is two-and-twenty, sir."

"Mind, we are not counting the hotel, which be a frame house, sir, with nigh twenty beds as fine as silk," Cagy drops in to remark.

There is but one street in this village—Pleasant View. Country folk have their ideas of beauty as well as their city brethren. When Squidville was laid out by Mr. Potter, the genial Weeks—standing on the top of the brae that leads through the woods to Porcupine Creek, and looking at the Salmon River winding itself like a silver thread through the bits of green wood and marshy meadow-land, as if inspired, so says Cagy—cried out: "Boys, a pleasant view!" That exclamation named Squidville's only street, and immortalized the name of Weeks. The last house on Pleasant View looks like a cross between a Queen Anne cottage and a lumbering shanty. There is a liberty pole before the door, and a tattered flag flying from it. Swinging from a post, ornamented in lines of red and white, plainly telling of Weeks's love for his old trade, is a flaming golden sign:

"Hunter's Paradise.

Jim Weeks, Prop.

Best Summer Resort in the Adirondacks."

Before the door, shivering in the cold, ran two bow-legged, long-eared hounds, whining and waving their tails. Grandmother Croquet, fiercely holding her basket, was the first to amble from the stage. Weeks, bareheaded and bowing, escorted her to the hotel, while Buttons remarked that he did not know where Croquet got the money to buy such a lot of things, and Cagy, hot with rage, avowed that Croquet's folks "have as good a right to money as any folks in this darned country." Mrs. Croquet and her basket safe in the care of Weeks, the wood-choppers sprang lightly from the stage and were soon busy helping the slow Berry to unhitch and feed his curdy-looking team. Kindness is a mountain virtue; it is the golden link that unites these poor people and makes life pleasant during the



long, sullen stretches of the winter months. There are scores of men and women daily met with, up and down the road of life, who have a kind of philosophy that tells them that every natural event in their lives is heralded by a supernatural one. The poet was in sight of this when he wrote "Coming events cast their shadows before." It is useless to argue with such people in the vain effort of converting them. Would it not be pleasant to be able to write of this superstition as a corn only found on the toes of the ignorant? Very; but would it be true? If biography be not a grand conspiracy against truth, as some one said of history, many prominent agnostics wore a tight-fitting shoe.

La Flamme was the last to jump from the stage, and when he had done so he leaned against the stage-shafts as if dazed. His ordinary habit would have been to lend Berry a willing hand to unyoke his team. Brie, noticing this, shouted "La Flamme, are you dreaming?"

Yes, he was dreaming.

A few days before a blackbird, during a heavy snow-storm, had beaten its way through the paper pane and sought safety and rest on the shoulder of his wife, as she busied herself preparing the brown Johnny-cake and the thick, black coffee for her husband. La Flamme in the natural goodness of his heart, instead of killing the drooping bird and averting ill-luck, caught



"WEEKS BOWING AND SMILING."

it, gave it something to eat, tenderly nursed it, and when the storm was spent restored it to liberty and its native haunts. Dreaming there by the stage-shaft this bird once more crossed his vision. We are but the sport of thought. His Canadian mother had often sung to him, what a dire messenger of ill-luck was the blackbird. Her teaching had not been lost. The kindness of the man's heart had saved the bird, but in that very act he saw the beginning of his misfortune. Why did the horse-dealer, who lived in Belmont, happen to be in Malone? Why did Ransom, in whose store he had traded for twenty years, threaten him with law? He could not answer these questions a few minutes ago; now it was easy to do so when the scene in his cabin a few days ago came to his memory. It was his failure to kill the blackbird, and black superstition drove kindness from the wood-chopper's warm heart. "Why didn't I kill that cursed bird?" he muttered; "misfortune is on me and mine." How often has an accident, taking place at the right moment, confirmed as a life-long truth the silliest superstition. It was to be so with Frank La Flamme.

Brie led one horse to the stable, Berry another. As they did so the stage-shafts fell to the ground.

The dreamer woke and walked over to Weeks, the two dogs executing a kind of dance around him. It was at this moment that Buttons, sitting on an empty soap-box on the piazza, remarked to Cagy "that it was the first time in his life that he had seen Frank slow to make of his dogs."

"And look at them," says Cagy, "with their front paws on his vest, as if they were Christians."

La Flamme took no notice of his dogs, but bidding *bon voyage* to Andrieux, mounted the piazza. Buttons had a dozen questions ready for him; when Cagy, with a knowing nudge, brought Buttons' ear close to his mouth and whispered: "La Flamme's little girl is in the store, crying."

"You don't say so!" was Buttons' reply, as he and Cagy craned their necks—striking an attitude peculiar to an Adirondack guide.

"Is pa here, Mr. Weeks?" said the dark-eyed, scantily-clad little maid, looking piteously in the landlord's face.

"Yes, dear, he has just put his foot on the piazza. And what's the matter with my girl, to-day? You have been crying," said the landlord, rubbing away the child's tears with the back of his big hand.

"Because mamma is sick, very sick. The priest and doctor are with her, and she wants my papa," sobbed the child.

La Flamme stood in the doorway; the words smote his heavy heart. "Aily! Aily!" he cried.

"Papa—mamma!" sobbed the child, as she fell in her father's arms.

About a quarter of a mile from the village hostelry, in one of the two-and-twenty low, shambling log-houses, lived La Flamme. His house was built in Squidville's only style—logs mortised together, with here and there a huge iron clamp, "to steady her a bit," as Cagy used to remark. The space between the logs was filled up with rough mortar. The effect of such a house on the eye was far from pleasing; yet in point of comfort it far excelled the ordinary country frame-house. It was one of Buttons' ordinary remarks that "such houses were native to the soil," and there was much truth in this observation.

When dark clouds teem on the mountain's brow, and fierce

winds drive the sleet over the lowlands, making it as prickly as sharp-pointed needles, there is an indescribable comfort in a log-cabin, with its laughing fire of crackling pine logs. A stranger would easily guess that there was something wrong in this cabin from the continual opening and shutting of the door,



"THE SMOKE CEASED IN BUTTONS' PIPE."

and the dozen or more women, with black shawls closely drawn about their heads, that formed themselves in little knots before the door, talking in a subdued voice. One of them, a woman of coarse features and rugged build, leaving the others, pulled the latch-string and entered.

"Glad to see you, Mrs. Poulet," said Buttons, who had led the village in its race to the sick-house.

"Will she be at herself again?" inquired Cagy.

Throwing her head back, and letting the shawl fall on her broad shoulders, Mrs. Poulet scornfully rejoined, "You fellows here, drinking up all the air that the poor woman should have"; and then with stately step advanced to the sick woman's bed.

"That's a tomboy for you!" was the only remark that slipped the tongue of the crestfallen Cagy.

"Poor Milly!" said Mrs. Poulet, bending over the sick woman; then turning to La Flamme, who was kneeling by the bedside of his wife, pillowing her drooping head on his tawny arm: "Better send Aily to some of the neighbors. She is breaking her heart, poor thing."

Aily was leaning over her mother's face kissing the damp sweat from her forehead. La Flamme did not hear; his eyes were fastened on a rough print representing Christ as the good pastor—bought years ago from a Jewish pedlar, and pinned to the side wall near his bed.

"She is getting worse," said Mrs. Poulet, turning away her head to hide her tears.

At this remark the young priest, who had stood by the foot of the bed, now knelt by the side of it and commenced to pray aloud in French. He was joined by a dozen voices; even those out-of-doors knelt on the cold, damp ground to utter, in response to the rich, bass voice of their priest, a prayer for Milly La Flamme. The doctor, a thin, talkative man, whose hero was Thomas Paine, removed his fur cap. This doctor used to take my place when the roads between Snipeville and Squidville were blocked. It is told to this day in Squidville that his lips moved as if in prayer.

"I think it would ease her to have warm bottles to her feet," said Mrs. Croquet, panting from her quick walk.

"You can have all the bottles you want in my store," said Weeks.

"I'll have them in a jiffy," said Buttons, opening the door.

"It's useless," said the doctor.

"Ay, useless sure," muttered Mrs. Poulet.

La Flamme's wife looked at her husband; his eyes were still fastened on the print; then her eyes wandered to it. Aily, wondering, looked at her parents' faces and set hers in the same direction.

"Bon Pasteur," said La Flamme.

"Ardez ma mère," responded Aily.

"She is dead," said the doctor.

"Dead," repeated the priest.

"She was a good woman," said Mrs. Croquet.



"THE LITTLE BRICK CHURCH."

"Good and bad all together must go," said Mrs. Poulet, pulling the shawl over her head.

"It's a hard one for poor Frank," ejaculated Weeks, with tears running down his cheeks.

"She died like an angel," said Brie.

"She went off in the crack of a whip," said Berry.

"Here's the bottles," said Buttons, opening the door.

"Yer too late, Buttons; and she don't want bottles on the other side. God rest her," said Cagy.

"Amen," replied Buttons; "but you don't tell me it's all over with her."

"She's as dead as a nail," said Cagy with a long-drawn sigh.

"Ay, sure, Billy Buttons," put in a dozen voices, "Milly La Flamme is dead."

Squidville has a graveyard on the Porcupine road, a good half-mile from the village. It is a bit of clearing of about three acres in the heart of the woods, fenced in with huge burnt logs. In the centre stands a rough wooden cross, and here and there a black pine stump, looking like sentinels of the dead. To this quiet spot came the body of Milly La Flamme, borne on a rough country wagon, drawn by Weeks's pair of four-year-old bay colts, followed by Berry and the Squidville stage, carrying La Flamme, the weeping Aily, and their relatives.

Behind the stage came the people of Squidville mounted on all kinds of rigs.

The last prayer said, and the first shovelful of clay thrown on the coffin by Père Monnier, La Flamme led his little girl from her mother's grave. Before he had reached the stage a hand was lightly laid on his shoulder.

He turned around. "Good-day, Frank." "Good-day, Sheriff Matson." "I am sorry for your troubles, Frank," continued the sheriff, "and had I known of them I would not be here to-day. Poor fellow! you have trouble enough without me bothering you, but—" and the sheriff's voice was troubled—"have courage, Frank. I will go home."

"Sheriff, I know it is not your fault to be here to-day. You must do your duty. You come from Ransom. Well, there's no use in putting you to a second trip. All I have is the two horses and wagon that La Jeunesse is driving. Take them; they will pay the debt. There's no luck for me in this place. Tell Ransom, sheriff, that it's the old story: get on a store-keeper's books and slavery begins. That was Milly's constant warning, sheriff; she often used to say 'It is better, Frank, to do without something than go in debt for it.' But Milly is dead, dead! sheriff, and my motherless child and I, as soon as we say good-by to Père Monnier, will start for the West. Some day Aily and I might have money enough to buy Milly a head-stone."

"Go away, papa, and leave mamma here?" said the child.

"No, mamma is in heaven, Aily; and heaven is in the West as well as here."



## LAME AT THE BEAUTIFUL GATE.

*(Acts of the Apostles, Chapter iii.)*

BY JOHN J. O'SHEA.



IN the portals of the Temple sate I crouching all the day,

Heart of gall e'er throbbing 'neath a haggard face of dole,

A bright living growth arrested, a fair manhood shrunk away,

Craving death, yet clinging to a life without a soul :

So I deemed it in my numbness when I heard their doctors lie,

And in speech sophistical enshroud the holy law—  
Insisting still on form when the essence had gone by ;  
Cold and callous-hearted, yet all men without a flaw !

Alms, no doubt, they flung me, but 'twas in the public view,  
That the world might witness how they lived up to the rule ;

And they swept into the Temple with the mien of men who  
knew  
That their lives were always godly and their doctrine of the  
school.

But their largesse ever cut me, though my lips cold thanks  
expressed,  
For I knew the scorn that filled them all the while they  
gave ;  
And I cursed the fate that doomed me to be the proud man's  
jest  
And my life to rot thus idly till I filled a beggar's grave.

Oft I thought to cast it from me as a heritage of shame,  
And the demon whispered, "End it ; dost thou dare?"  
Still a hope divine withheld me, and full soon the answer  
came :  
"God hath given, God's to take it ; fiend, get thee to thy  
lair."

'Twas not thus in glad life's morn, when the tender hand of  
love  
Helped on my falt'ring footsteps and cheered my darksome  
way,  
Father, mother, friends, and kindred—and one all these above !  
But swift ruin swept our household, and love—ah, well-a-  
day !

In Love's temple there are portals fair as that on Zion's hill,  
In Love's temple vot'ries false as some who pray up there ;  
Vows are pledged and smiles greet ever when the sails of for-  
tune fill,  
But in tempest and disaster these become as things of air.

Thus I found ; and thus my spirit grew as cold as frozen  
brook,  
And a hate of men possessed me, hate of self the most—  
Hate that, scorning those who gave it, I should, crouching in  
my nook,  
Take the sordid coin they flung me, of their sanctity to  
boast !



Yet the shadow of the portal oft consoled me as I pined,  
And a subtle incense as the cool airs swept therethrough,  
Whilst outside the white streets, scorching, seemed to beg one  
breath of wind  
From a heaven hot and cloudless, and blinding in its blue.

And the quaintness of the carving and the beauty of the lines  
Which the builder of the gateway showed in all his plan  
Touched oft a hidden fountain which still, in God's designs,  
Springs up in darkest moments to cheer the heart of man.

I had heard the doctors telling of one singular and odd,  
Who had never stood on forms, but always gladly mixed  
With the vulgar and the sinners, yet who claimed to be our  
God,  
And spoke with such a glamour all who heard him were  
transfixed.

But his voice had never reached me, nor his magic glance of  
love,  
Nor was I ever touched by his blest shadow as it passed,  
For my feeble frame was stricken so that limb I could not  
move,  
All the days he wrought in Zion, till he died for us at last.

But soon two came with faces made radiant with his fire—  
One prince of the apostles, our Peter, strong and brave;  
John the other, the beloved of Spirit, Son, and Sire,  
And they lingered in the portal as an alms they heard me  
crave.

"Gold and silver I possess not," answered Simon, as his eye,  
Full of soft compassion, was now fixed upon my face;  
Slow moved his lips in prayer, then commanding all stand by,  
"But what I have I give thee, O afflicted, with God's grace.

"In the name of my Lord Jesus here I bid thee rise and go,  
Hale in body, glad of spirit, full of strength, and free;  
Now, give to God the glory, not to any here below,  
He hath come to heal the world as he now healeth thee."

Oh the sweetness of that moment—that delight as keen as pain!

Like a thrill of fire it seared me, made my senses reel;  
But my pulses soon throbbed gladly as with new blood in each vein,

And up I sprang exultant, with a bound like tested steel.

How I danced and laughed and shouted in the joyance of my glee,

Till the dazed multitude fell back before my flight.

Stiff of neck and stubborn, they who set Barabbas free,

Signs and wonders might appal them, but they saw not the light.

Praise for aye to Great Jehovah!—praised be aye the Three in One!

To the Lamb all spotless, O hosanna yet and yet!  
And the glory of old Zion is the Maid who calls him Son,  
The peerless Child of Judah, whose star shall never set!



## HOW TO SOLVE ONE OF THE HIGHEST PROBLEMS OF SCIENCE.

BY WILLIAM SETON, LL.D.



IN nothing, perhaps, does our generation differ more from the generations that have gone before it than in the view which it takes of animated nature. There are, no doubt, many persons who do not yet call themselves aged who never in their college days heard the word Evolution spoken. All the different kinds of animals and plants had been, in their eyes, specially created from the beginning, and the idea that one organism has developed by slow and imperceptible degrees from another organism, would have seemed to them not only absurd but heretical. It is true that some scientists had already questioned the old-time belief in special creations, but even the genius of Lamarck had made little impression on men's minds. But to-day all this is changed. In every civilized country not only is natural science the one study to which, more than to any other, the majority of young collegians are turning their thoughts, but the professors whose lectures they attend are, with very few exceptions, upholders of the doctrine of evolution.

Now what, it may be asked, has mainly brought about this widely different view of Almighty God's work? It is, in our opinion, Darwin's theory of Natural Selection, which gives the first plausible explanation of how change of species may be effected, and whether we agree with him or not his hypothesis is most ingenious, and one which cannot be disproved. Darwin teaches that more individuals are born than can possibly survive; and that in the battle for life, which the fauna and flora have been fighting during the millions of years since their first ancestors were created, those varieties which possess the smallest advantage of structure, color, or otherwise are preserved, while those which do not possess any advantages perish; and he also shows that all organisms vary in every one of their parts to an extent quite enough for natural selection to act upon. We know that in domesticated animals and plants there is marked variation, and that it is by selecting from varieties to breed

from that all the different kinds of plants and animals useful to man have been begotten. This is called artificial selection. Now, what gardeners, dog-fanciers, and cattle-breeders have been able to do, Nature has done, and her method is called natural selection. But Nature works much more slowly than man, and it is because we cannot see the changes which she produces coming about in one life-time that so many persons, not scientists, do not believe that any changes take place. What these doubters need above all things is to close, at least for a brief period, their books of grammar and rhetoric, to cut loose from old methods and old ideas, and to cultivate their observing powers by studying the Creator's work under the blue sky.

An American naturalist, Professor J. A. Allen, has recently discovered among the birds of the United States an even greater amount of variation in color, size, length of bill and wing, between individuals of the same species, than anybody had imagined.\* And it is now admitted that variation takes place not only externally but internally: every part of the organism varies; there is variation in the deepest cells, and without this natural variability natural selection could not operate. And we may add that fossils indicate that in past geological ages variability also existed, and that from one species several varieties branched off just as they do to-day. In fact the study of the life-system as revealed by fossils in the rocks everywhere strengthens the hypothesis of evolution. We are able in not a few cases plainly to mark the transition from one group of animals to another group. Far back in the Jurassic strata, for instance, we light upon the earliest bird, *Archæopteryx*, which has not yet entirely cut loose from the reptile stem; and nearly all scientists are agreed that birds have developed from reptiles; and, moreover, no naturalists have done more to establish intermediate, transition forms than our American investigators—Hyatt, Marsh, Cope, and Leidy.

The curious facts, too, of embryology cannot be explained except by the theory of evolution. Embryology gives in an abridged form the whole history of the organism. Just as the primitive amphibians had their origin in fishes, so does embryology show that all the higher vertebrates have been evolved from fishes: it distinctly reveals the tracks of this long development. We may express it by a zoological rule-of-three, in the words of the Catholic scientist, St. George Mivart: "As the young of living kinds are to living adults, so are animals of

\* *Mammals and Winter Birds of Florida.*

more ancient periods to those of recent times and of our own day."\* Evolution gives the only plausible solution of these facts of embryology, and when confronted with them the believers in special creations have nothing to say. Nevertheless, despite their silence, they may rightly challenge us to give an unmistakable proof of our theory, although they cannot give us a proof of theirs. Now, in order to convince them that evolution is true, we must begin by experiments, and we must not stop short of transforming one animal or plant into an entirely new plant or animal hitherto unknown.

To do this we must establish among us a school of original research, and let it work on the lines laid down by Professor Henry de Varigny in his lectures delivered before the summer-school of art and science in Edinburgh, two years ago.† In these lectures he earnestly encourages believers in evolution to put it to the test of experiment: and why should we not begin to make experiments here in America? The field to be investigated is a wide one. What is the cause of variability? What is the modifying influence of environment? Here we quote from Darwin's *Origin of Species*, p. 107: "When a variation is of the slightest use to any being, we cannot tell how much to attribute to the accumulative action of natural selection, and how much to the definite action of the conditions of life. Thus, it is well known to furriers that animals of the same species have thicker and better fur the further north they live; but who can tell how much of this difference may be due to the warmest-clad individuals having been favored and preserved during many generations, and how much to the action of the severe climate? For it would appear that climate has some direct action on the hair of our domestic quadrupeds." Heredity, hybridism, and sexuality also demand a thorough study, and many things in nature which are now mysterious will be made clear when more light is thrown on these subjects. Changes which merely strike the eye may be more significant than we imagine. We know, for instance, that change of environment and change of food may change the color of an animal; but variation of color is something more than a mere outward change: there are underlying it modifications of a chemical order, and these accompanying, underlying changes offer a most tempting field for investigation. We do not know why food and environment should influence animal coloration (Wal-

\* *Evolution and Christianity*, *Cosmopolitan* magazine, June, 1892.

† Since published in *Nature Series* under the title *Experimental Evolution*.

lace holds that color changes have their root in protective value), yet it is certainly a step in advance to have ascertained the chemical phenomena which go along with these outward changes. It is interesting, too, to find a relation between color and constitutional strength. De Varigny tells us that certain poisonous plants produce no effect on dark-colored animals; while to light-colored animals the same plants are deadly. Climate also affects the size of animals and plants. But a change in dimensions is accompanied by other changes. When dimensions vary, sexual fertility not seldom varies with them. External influences have also much to do in determining sex. When tadpoles, for instance, are left to themselves the females slightly outnumber the males; but when they are fed on beef, the proportion rises from 54 to 78 per cent.; and when given frog-flesh to eat, the proportion of females increases to 92 per cent. Bees, too, are similarly influenced: among them the birth of queens, workers, and drones is largely a question of food. Now, the external factors which determine sex in these and in many other cases require careful study. It may be asked, why fish are small in small streams? Here the experiments of De Varigny rather go to show that diminished size is owing to diminished space to move about in: impediments to movement would seem to have a tendency to dwarf the organism.

May not this also be the reason why animals living on islands are smaller as a rule than the same species living on continents? The elephants whose fossil remains have been discovered in Malta were exceedingly small. But here again more exact experiments are needed. It is also interesting to find that in regions where thorny, spiny plants abound the snakes in such places evince a similar tendency, as Professor Cope tells us of the horned rattlesnake of New Mexico and Arizona. What is the mysterious bond existing here between the plants and the rattlesnakes? It is also interesting to observe how subject the perfume of flowers is to variation. In rich soil the increased strength of the plant is accompanied by increased perfume; while in poor, sandy soil a contrary effect is produced. The hairy covering of a plant grown on a mountain disappears when it is transplanted to a valley; but the hairs reappear when it is brought back to its mountain home.

Wallace tells us that the skeletons of animals vary, especially the skeletons of whales; and St. George Mivart finds that the number of ribs in the ape and in man is subject to varia-

tion. De Varigny says that in certain cases individual evolution may be modified. Thus we can prolong the gill-bearing period of some amphibians by artificial means. During more than twenty-four months he kept toads in the tadpole state by giving them little food. Other naturalists assert that by prolonging the gill-bearing period of newts and salamanders the evolution of other parts of their bodies is not arrested, and that these amphibians may become sexually mature while they are still tadpoles. But with toads and frogs this cannot be done. Here again further experiments are called for; and De Varigny says in *Experimental Evolution*, page 113: "If it could be shown that sexual maturity may occur although the tadpole state is lengthened and that sexual reproduction may take place, although this is on obvious *a priori* grounds very improbable, we might perhaps try to obtain a new species which would exhibit very marked physiological features."

We believe that experiments made on the embryo of certain animals may result in a modification of these animals without injury to life. We know that when the cocoons of *Attacus Pernyi* are suspended vertically the butterflies come forth in a normal state; while if the cocoons are placed horizontally the butterflies are abnormal.

We know by experiment that the stomach of a carnivorous bird (owl, sea-gull, raven) can be hardened so as to resemble the stomach of a grain-eater, if it is given grain to eat for a sufficiently long time. And the converse is true: a pigeon fed on meat for a long enough period has its stomach softened till it becomes like the stomach of a carnivorous bird. What may be the limits of the variations induced by the direct influence of a certain kind of food we do not know: it is possible that other parts of the organism may vary at the same time. It would also be interesting to learn whether change of food in other animals might not bring about more fundamental changes than have been produced in the stomachs of the pigeon and gull; for we know that different kinds of animals react in different ways under identical influences. Our ignorance on this point is owing to the fact that no systematic experiments have been made.

Another subject full of interest is the mode in which the organ of respiration may be made to change its function: how to transform a water-breather into an air-breather.

Nearly all aquatic animals are devoid of special organs for breathing air when they come out of the water, and in their

native element they breathe by absorbing the air contained in solution in the water either through their skin, or through some inner organ (gills or intestinal canal) which lets the water pass freely and constantly in and out. But while it has already been proved that the water-breathing organs of invertebrates may be made to breathe in the air, we do not yet know whether such a change of function as comes with the change of a gill-cavity into a lung is ever accompanied by a definite change in the structure of the breathing organ.\* And here is a good field for experiment.

It would also be interesting to investigate the causes which bring about the destruction of sight. Many moles, we know, have their eyes covered by skin and outwardly invisible; nevertheless they have true eyes, but so inefficient that when in cases where the eyes are not entirely concealed and when they have an opportunity to use them, they are all but useless. This comes from the fact that the optic nerves are degenerated. Sometimes, however, a mole may have the optic nerve of one eye in good condition, so that this eye is able to transmit to the animal's consciousness the images formed in this one eye. In the embryo of the mole both eyes are always, without exception, connected with the brain by perfect optic nerves; and this is considered a proof that the mole is descended from ancestors which lived above ground and whose eyes consequently were of use to them. What unfavorable conditions finally led the mole to take up a subterranean existence we do not know; just as we are ignorant of the causes which changed the whale and the porpoise from land mammals into water mammals.

Of course if species were fixed and unchangeable in structure and functions, then experiments tending to a modification in type and to the transformation of one animal or plant into an entirely new plant or animal hitherto unknown, would be futile. But it is proved that no organism is so fixed in type that it may not under certain conditions more or less depart from it. We know that all organisms admit of some variability (and variability increases with variation), and we believe it is because this God-given tendency to variation exists that natural selection and environment (in what proportions we do not know) have been able to exert a potent influence on the life-system and to bring about in the course of ages the change of one

\* See Professor Semper's *Animal Life as affected by the Natural Conditions of Existence*, chap. vi.



species into another. The fossils in the rocks point to evolution, and embryology adds its testimony to paleontology. They tell us that from the few germs of life first planted on our earth by the Creator have sprung the numberless plants and animals which we see around us to-day. But, as we have said, in order to convince unbelievers of this fact, we must have recourse to experiment. We must try to do artificially what nature in her slow way has done by natural means.

And here we quote again from De Varigny's *Experimental Evolution*, p. 240:

“. . . Scientific investigation being the only aim, the only point in view, it seems advisable to undertake the study of the influence of selection—be it on animal or on plant—without any particular forethought at all. I mean by this that such investigations should be begun without any view of obtaining a variation and variety in any particular direction. For instance, suppose *Lysimachia nummularia* . . . is made the subject of investigation in selection. Well, it would not do to decide beforehand to seek for a new variety having such or such a peculiarity in the roots, or stems, or leaves: one should merely cultivate the plants, and if among them some offered any interesting or curious variation in *any* part whatever, one ought to begin the process of selection, and try to consolidate in the progeny this particular variation. This method offers the advantage of opening a wider field to investigation. . . . In fact we must try to *craze* the plant, to make it vary as much as possible in all possible directions. . . . One must not forget that in experiments of this kind, especially with wild or uncultivated plants, a long time is sometimes required before any important variations occur; the species seems for a long period to resist all inducements to variation, and then, all of a sudden, it begins to vary considerably and in many different directions.”

Not in one generation, nor perhaps in ten generations, may the work we have here suggested to the hoped-for school of experimental evolution bring about any marked results. But the idea of such a school is not original with us, it is not Pickwickian: Professor Romanes hopes to have one established in connection with the University of Oxford; and why not, as we have said, begin the experimental study of this high problem in science here in America? We have the talent, we have abundant means, and all that is needed is enthusiasm. Let us begin.

## THE SPIRIT OF THE EARLY MISSIONARY.

BY REV. S. B. HEDGES.



COMPARED with the field offered for research in regard to the wondrous apostolic labors of the early missionaries in the United States, the sum total of investigation is as nothing. Nor is saying this a reflection on the invaluable and exhaustive labors of John Gilmary Shea. Standing in Bishop's Hall at Notre Dame University, in November, 1890, conversing with Dr. Shea on the many and valuable historical relics therein contained, and of the vast field of historical study pertaining exclusively to Catholic subjects open to the American scholar, the distinguished historian said: "This is but a beginning for us as Catholics in the way of collecting relics. The real investigation as to facts by Catholic scholars is hardly begun."

These words from the lips of John Gilmary Shea struck me as more than significant in view of his own extensive works appertaining to these subjects; nor does it seem less significant how slight an impression Dr. Shea's writings seem to have produced. Nor less significant is the fact that the distinguished historian's most exhaustive work in this field, the result of ten years of labor, was undertaken at the suggestion of the eminent non-Catholic scholar, President Sparks. Doubtless the awaking of a zealous missionary spirit so evidently present among all classes of the clergy, the more ample opportunity for study and investigation offered by our seats of learning as they pass from the formative stage to a securer and more permanent establishment, will in the near future be productive of fruit-bearing studies. Of the two, the historian and the missionary, the latter is not the least interested. The unflagging zeal, the absolute disinterestedness, the burning love for souls, the heroic labors, the hardships, the lonely wandering from tribe to tribe through the forest primeval, the sickness and lonely death under the trees on the banks of some unknown stream, or worse, an awful burning at the stake or death from the cruel blow of a tomahawk, surely all this may inflame the missionary's heart with divine love and a zeal for souls. Nor should what would seem the utter failure of the noble efforts

of these heroic men so much as offer discouragement. They labored amidst the wilds of the forest for the souls of the Indian. The Indian is gone, and we know him only by the name of his tribe or his chief preserved to us in the name of river, hill, or plain, or town. So, too, the missionary. There may be a city in the West called Marquette, or a hamlet in the glades of Florida named Velascola. This were lamentable were it all. Shea, commenting on the results of the prodigious labors of the early missionary, says: "One fact will at all events appear, that the tribes evangelized by the French and Spanish subsist to this day, except when brought in contact with the colonists of England and their allies or descendants."

The existence to-day of a miserable remnant of half-civilized people were a pitiable showing as the result of years of labor and life and treasure were it all. Why these efforts came to naught in the civilization and permanent establishment of the Indian tribes is the historian's field of research. What their labors were, what their sacrifices, what their zeal, what their hope and consolation; who were the men, and whence came they, and whither did they go, and how did they work, and what did they glean from those accessible fields for the granaries of God—these and the like are the questions that interest the missionary of to-day, who labors among the fair cities that now stand where the forest stood when Marquette and Roger came to these shores to engage in the self-same work. And so we come to the men and their labors. Let us take one at random, and not the most distinguished—Father Louis Cancer de Barbastro. Apostolic zeal for the missionary life led him to Mexico in 1514. There he labored for the conversion of souls for thirty years. What a marvellous record does not this short biographical notice given by Shea in a book note afford: "Father Louis Cancer de Barbastro was a native of Saragossa, and had at an early age entered the Dominican order. He came to America in 1514 as superior of a band of missionaries. His labors were at first almost unsuccessful; his companions died around him of want, disease, and violence, and at the expiration of nearly thirty years he stood alone. He then, with Fathers Rincon and Las Casas, undertook to evangelize the district called Tierra de Guerra—Land of War; but having converted and gained all the native tribes, the missionaries gave it the name of Vera Paz—True Peace—which it still bears." After so long and so arduous, and finally successful, term of labor, one would naturally think him inclined to rest and enjoy

the fruits of his labors in the region of Vera Paz. Not so, for in 1547 he undertook the Florida missions, going first to Europe to obtain a royal commission.

The noble character of his mind is set forth by the fact that he had it stipulated in his commission that every native of Florida held in bondage in any part of the Spanish dominions of America should be set free. Worthy precursor he of those noble men and women who in a later day should do and say and suffer so much to liberate another race enslaved amid these same everglades. The Florida mission brings him to the United States and to our especial notice. He was destined to gain his crown of eternal life here. Warned of his danger as he was about landing, and of the martyrdom of his companions with all its attending horrors, he makes this noble speech:

"All this is terrible indeed and very affecting to us all, but not surprising; such things cannot but happen in enterprises for the extension of the faith. I expected nothing less. How often I have meditated upon the execution of this enterprise, and felt we could not succeed in it without losing much blood. So the apostles died, and at this price alone can faith and religion be introduced." True missionary of Christ; true apostle of faith; his blood the seal of religion.

Considering the vast strides of religion in the United States, her wondrous growth from year to year, the beauty of her temples, the extent of her schools, her institutes of charity of so many kinds and so extended, may we not ascribe this growth to that precious watering given the land in the sacred blood of Louis Cancer de Barbastro and his many confrères? Landing from his vessel on June 24, the feast day of St. John the Baptist, he met his death on the shore, a martyr to zeal, love, and faith. We know, then, who they were. Spanish gentlemen, from out the halls of the universities, from the courts and palaces, from the scenes of home and friends and a cultured civilization, come to the wilds of America to preach Christ and Christ crucified. We know then, too, how they labored. 'Twas in season and out of season. It was in the midst of dangers and perils. It was in sickness until death. It was for thirty years without success. It was in the midst of great success, so that they called the region Vera Paz—True Peace. It was to begin again and to fail and to be cruelly murdered. But more a thousand times it was to wear at last the crown of everlasting life. The missionary of to-day, in the region included in what is termed the Spanish Mission, will find a docile, intelligent—keenly so indeed

—and cultured race. We think we are right if we include, not only Florida and Texas, Louisiana and Mexico, New Mexico and California in the West, but also Tennessee, Mississippi, Kansas, Arkansas, and the Carolinas in the Spanish Missions; for who can tell how far they penetrated the wilds? for of some of them no tidings ever came back. The field is indeed a broad one, but here are a people who hunger for the word of God; and who is to break for them the bread of life? Take away Louisiana, and New Mexico, and California, could there be found a region so heedful of the knowledge of the Christian religion, so ignorant of the truth of the Catholic faith, as is here presented? If one would seek a virgin soil for missionary labor, let him go to the Tennessee mountains, among the hardy mountaineers, some of whose sturdy traits of character, much of whose woful ignorance, Miss Murfree has so graphically described to us in her stories. But would the game be worth the candle? For answer turn to the lives of these great-hearted Spaniards, to De Barbastro of Saragossa. Only, perhaps, the missionary of the Tennessee mountains would have less to hope for, less to aid him; not even the novelty of entering an unknown land and meeting an unknown people; nor would there be a hope of anything like martyrdom save in the wretchedness of lonely vigils and the certainty of failure. But Christ died for these men and women and children, who live on these cloud-swept hills amidst their poverty and ignorance, as much as he did for the savage of the woods. Verily there will spring from the seed of the blood of De Barbastro an apostle to these newer children of the woods.

Not many miles from where I write, in the foot-hills of the Adirondacks, I happened on some "children of the forest," only they were white children of American stock. I was taking a mid-day meal, seated in the shade of a great forest tree, when two urchins came into view. They regarded me with suspicion and aversion, for I had invaded their domains, a trout stream near by. By kind words and the offer of some dates and figs from out my lunch I induced them to come forward and stand and watch the process of my meal. So laconic were they that I found it impossible to engage them in conversation. Neither trout, nor squirrel, nor blue-jay, nor robin, nor eagle, nor dog, nor horse seemed to interest them, and their replies were "no" and "yes." At last it was this: "Do you go to school?" "No." "Why not?" "Too far away." "Can you read?" "No." "Have you any school-books?" "No." "Do

you go to church?" "No." "To what religion does your father belong?" "Don't know." "Did you ever see a minister?" "No." "Are you baptized?" No answer. "Who made you?" "Don't know"—with a queer smile. "Did God make you?" "I guess he did." "Who is God?" "Don't know—never seed him." Alas poor lads! they were twelve and nine years of age, two of a brood of eight. Some day hunger will drive you from these hills, either to win your way upward, or to force you into the great stream of hundreds who toil and suffer and die, not knowing God or the hope of happiness when the struggle is done. And I saw you not many miles from that placid lake which Jogues discovered on Corpus Christi day, and named it for the feast, as he threaded his way along the forest trail to seek the heathen Indian that he might tell him of Christ. Perhaps he passed under the very shadow of the mountain whereon you dwell. Perhaps he raised that holy hand, which for faith's sake was so cruelly mutilated, and blessed those hills; and so perhaps some day another apostle may follow in his footsteps and thread the forest wilds anew, seeking here a house and there a house and the isolated inmates, to tell them, as that holy missionary told the Indian in bygone days, the sweet story of the life and death of Christ to save all poor sinners.

Engaged in missionary work in November, 1892, at the Cathedral of Vincennes, Indiana, certain things came to our notice that vividly brought to mind the heroic labors of the great missionaries of early times in this country. First was the venerable Dean Guéguen, the present rector of the Cathedral of Vincennes. His name, his blood, his ancestry, his missionary work in his diocese, his present rectorship at old Fort Vincennes, link him to that earlier day, and have brought him an inheritance of glorious memories and deeds of which he is not unworthy. His flock, too—one-half, we should judge, of French descent, Creole mostly in origin, their progenitors coming up the river from New Orleans, or being descended from the early French traders; some of them being of mixed blood, the Indian strain being plainly noticed in their features—point to the presence of the Indian missionary, who was ever in the vanguard of the march of civilization. Then the tombs of the venerable and distinguished Bruté, of the mild and gentle and hard-working St. Palais, of other prelates too which lie in the chapel crypt beneath the high altar; the written records of the old station, going back to the time when Vincennes was a French military post nigh two hundred years ago—all these spoke, as

written or printed pages cannot speak, of the apostolic deeds of those early times, of the spirit that actuated those heroic soldiers of Christ: of Marquette, of Rasle and Father Gravier, of René Goupil and his sainted biographer, Isaac Jogues, of—but who may name them all, or find words to tell of their glorious doings, that Christ and his church might be known? It is not so much of these men that I am thinking, nor of the region of their labors, as of the missionary spirit they so gloriously set forth. And as I think there comes the conviction that of this spirit will be born a new apostolate in the ancient fields of their work—an apostolate to the non-Catholic people of Illinois, Wisconsin, Indiana, Michigan, and Ohio.

In the cathedral yard at Vincennes there stands an old, long, one-story brick building, much dilapidated and long unused. It was once the diocesan seminary. In that humble building some of the older priests who now minister in the diocese were educated. The young seminarist of to-day would laugh to think it a building fit to use as a place of studies. We have moved into grander halls 'tis true, but the spirit of the missionary life was there; that burning zeal for souls which led the cultured physician, Goupil, even as a layman, to leave France and go as a *donné*—a companion catechist to the missionary—to the wilds of America. Nor do I believe that our young men, when the time is ripe and the field has been opened up for such labors, will be found wanting in spirit and zeal and readiness to work in this portion of the Lord's vineyard; else were they recreant to the true ministry of the priesthood and unworthy of the inheritance left us by those stalwarts of old—the missionaries of the earlier day.

Engaged last season in the diocese of Peoria—the very writing of the name Peoria shadows forth a picture of the untiring labors of Father Gravier—in missionary work, our labors took us to the banks of the Illinois at Spring Valley. Near by are the cities of La Salle and Ottawa, and between them the historic spot Starved Rock, situated at the entrance of a series of cañons vast and wonderful—all the more so as one finds them hidden here in the midst of a prairie country. They are not unlike some of those vaster cañons that one meets with along the La Platte River in the heart of the Rocky Mountains. Here, in front of Starved Rock, in the valley that skirts the river, many thousand Catholic braves on one occasion heard Mass—men to whom the faith came at the preaching of the word of God by the missionaries in those heroic days.

La Salle County, in Illinois, wherein is situated this historic spot, is markedly Catholic, containing many parishes and a large, flourishing Catholic population. But of this earlier conquest for the kingdom of God there lingers hardly so much as a tradition; the name a tribe is designated by, the name of the commonwealth, Illinois, and a clan by the name of the city of Ottawa, and the city of La Salle holds the name of one of the great heroes, and Starved Rock recalls the inhuman horrors of a savage warfare, and all this is *vox et præterea nihil*.

There is left not a cross of stone nor a chapel to mark and record the heroic deeds there done. The busy farmer turns his furrow and scatters his grain; in the bustling manufacturing cities of La Salle, Peru, and Ottawa may be heard the hum of the wheels of industry; but of Gabriel de la Ribourde, Zenobius Membré, of Claude Allouez and James Gravier, priests of God's church, true soldiers of Jesus Christ, tireless and ever active missionaries, scarce a thought. But who will say they labored in vain? Out of the many thousand braves who heard Holy Mass that bright summer day there in the valley of the Illinois, out of the countless other thousands to whom they came with the word of life, there are many, many blessed souls who this day bear them witness before the throne of God, a monument more priceless far than one builded by the hands of man.

While at Spring Valley, before the work of hearing confessions had begun, myself and companion walked out to St. Bede's College, the new and splendid foundation of the Benedictines in the West. As we left the college grounds we saw the students returning from the campus, splendid specimens of the youth of the great agricultural States, manly fellows, sons of farmers, with splendid physiques. Perhaps from these will spring that new race of missionaries. In their studies they will come to read the histories of the men who threaded their way along the river, across the grassy prairies, enduring hunger and thirst, yielding even life itself, in the region where now stands their noble Alma Mater; and thus influenced by the stirring tale of heroic deeds for Christ, a desire, born of love of God, will come to them to go forth and preach the self-same word of God to their non-Catholic neighbors. They will see before them this new apostolate, as did those noble men of that earlier day as they looked across the sea to this new land, and, like them, burn to make Christ and his kingdom known to all men. Especially am I hopeful that out of the West, where there is a freer



and broader life, where men are less hindered by custom and tradition, where they dare greater and nobler things, where failure once is but an incentive to greater effort, will come the first organized band of missions of the word of God to all non-Catholics. And I deem it true that this shall especially be the apostolate of the secular priesthood. The absorbing work of money-getting, building churches, schools, asylums, hospitals is past, and year by year growing less, so that the secular priest begins at last to have leisure for other works, to heed those words of our Lord, "for other sheep I have." The regular clergy are but their auxiliaries in this as in other great works of the priesthood. Dominicans, Jesuits, Redemptorists, Benedictines, Paulists will hasten at their call to render what aid is in their power. Significant is the fact that among the first missions to the land not a few were of the secular clergy. As the settlement of the country nears its completion, as the number of clergy increases, more and more will opportunity be afforded for work in this apostolate.

Were there need of further example of zeal and work in the mission life, we might turn to Maine and follow the life of the saintly Rasele, or to the English missions in Maryland, where Father Andrew White and Father Roger so wonderfully illustrated the missionary apostolate, or to that inexhaustible storehouse of faith, martyrdom, love, zeal, suffering, and death, and where, amidst all these, astounding success crowned the labors of the missionary—California.

Some time ago one of our popular magazines published an article from the pen of a non-Catholic lady on one of the more illustrious missions of California, and illustrated it with drawings of some of the old mission stations in their present condition. It is worthy of note how very extensively that article was read by Catholic readers everywhere. And yet it was but a passing glimpse of the picture, and the subject but one of many whose names are high in the wonderful annals of that great missionary work. Somewhere about the year 1679 at Ingolstadt, in Germany, a distinguished professor of mathematics, a man accounted the best astronomer of his day in Germany, was ill unto death. He made a vow that should he recover he would devote his life to missionary labor. On the advent of his return to health he fulfilled his vow by coming to America, where he devoted his life to the Pimos Indians in California, learning several languages, writing catechisms in these new tongues, composing vocabularies and grammatical treatises for

the use of his companions and successors; and all this during the fatigue and weary labor of active missionary work in preaching the word of God and instructing the ignorant. From the halls of the university of Ingolstadt, from the composition of logarithmic tables, and, star-chart searching in the dome of his observatory, to the wilds of California, to the midst of a savage people, was surely a great stride. But Father Eusebius Kühn had been touched by that divine fire which set his heart all aglow with love for souls, infusing into him a zeal which did not let him rest till he yielded his spirit to God in the midst of glorious success in 1710. And to-day from lower California to Puget Sound there whitens a field ready for the sickle of the reaper, a harvest ripe for God—a new people again in a new land, waiting the advent of those who will bear them the glad tidings—who will come as came Junipero Serra and Eusebius Kühn—honest men with an honest and true word to tell of Christ and his kingdom.

Everywhere, in every diocese in the land, there are noble priests, especially among the younger native clergy, whose education, whose sympathy for their non-Catholic neighbor, which is born of friendship and daily intercourse, whose piety and zeal eminently fit them for this work. That the work in the way of a formal, organized mission has begun is now a fact. Let them watch it. Look to the methods used. Let them aid it, too, by their earnest prayer and warm word of encouragement. Better still, let them offer themselves to their bishop as missionaries in his diocese to those who are as yet not of the fold of Christ.



## FLOWERS THAT SPRING IN DESERT PLACES.

BY L. W. REILLY.



TWO men were travelling together in a parlor car on its way from Brooklyn to Chicago. They had the air of refinement; they were well dressed—one in a suit of dark blue flannel, the other in a fine brown serge; the man in blue wore spectacles, the man in brown had beautiful bright eyes that sparkled as he spoke. They talked on many themes—*de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*—from politics to progress and poverty, and from choirs to cholera and the last comet. A studious-looking person in the seat behind them found as much diversion in their conversation—which he could not help overhearing, as they had to pitch their voices above the roar and rattle of the train—as he did in the magazine that he was holding out before him.

Finally the man in brown asked: "Do you think that anybody ever received a grace that was at first intended for another?"

A moment's silence, then came the brief reply: "Esau and Jacob, for instance."

"Oh! that is ancient history; besides it was exceptional."

"All such occurrences must be exceptional. But, since you protest against remote instances, let me tell you a story, and you shall decide whether or not it be a case in point."

In a tenement-house in Greenwich Street, New York City, not very far from the Battery, a man-child was born about forty years ago; his parents were immigrants, exiles of Erin, poor, hard-working, full of faith. They had had nine children before him, seven of whom had died in infancy, aged from one week to one year. One day, about five years before his birth, the father was walking along Barclay Street, and halted before a second-hand book-stall to examine some volumes that had caught his eye. He bought two of them—a *Life of St. Alphonsus* and *The Youth's Director*, that contained a portrait of St. Aloysius Gonzaga with a sketch of his career. Taking them home to his wife he said: "Mother, if we should have any more boys, I'll name the first of them Alphonsus and the second Aloysius."

When the next baby came it was duly named after the

great Redeemer. Two years later another son was born. He was called Michael, after his father, and died in a couple of months. Then a daughter entered the humble home and was christened Elizabeth. Next appeared the man-child I am telling you about. He was the Benjamin of the flock.

The old women among the neighbors clustered around the new-born infant, saying:

"What a lovely child!"

"He looks as if he had a halo around his head!"

"Glory be to God and his holy Mother, but you've got a priest for a son."

"He'll be a bishop, sure."

The mother pondered these predictions in her heart and built a hope upon them. She would be proud to be the bearer of a priest. What would she not give to see the fruit of her womb at the altar! From that moment, in her thoughts, she consecrated him to God and resolved to make clear his way to holy orders.

"What's his name to be?" queried one old gossip.

"Aloysius."

"What an outlandish name!" cried one rude crone; "just like his brother's. None of his kith or kin was ever called by such a name ez that."

But the mother made no answer, for she wanted the boy to live and she remembered her husband's broken promise and the fate of Michael.

Ten days later, in old St. Peter's Church, Aloysius received his baptismal innocence and his patron saint.

The father of the family was kept poor by lack of the money-making faculty, by ill-health, and by a big heart that made him give to the church, to the poor, and to needy acquaintances more than a fair share of his income.

"We're givin' it to God, mother," he used to say to his wife, "and sure, alanna, our children will get it back with interest, if we don't."

So when he was carried off unexpectedly with pneumonia he left his dear ones unprovided for, with the exception of a little home in Brooklyn. Aloysius was then aged nine. Necessarily the widow had to go out to work the week after the funeral to earn bread for her destitute children. She tried various occupations. No honest labor was degrading to her. Nothing was too hard or too low for her, because it was sanctified as a means of support for her orphans. The friends that

had known her in the days of her prosperity fell away and forgot her. She was too high-spirited to beg from them while she had strength to stand and labor. Finally she opened a small store in the big city, to the income of which she added the rent of the Brooklyn house and some money that she earned betimes. Alphonsus, too, was earning a few dollars a week as errand-boy in a publishing house. The other children were kept at school.

In this way the fatherless family struggled along for several years. Then, as the mother's health began to break down, Elizabeth was taken from school to help with the housework. But Aloysius, who had passed from the parochial school to the Brothers' Academy and then to college, was kept at his books. "He is to be a priest," replied his mother, when times were extra hard with them and Alphonsus urged her to put him at a trade. "No, no," she would say; "I would work my fingers to the bone first, and live on bread and water."

At last, when Aloysius was sixteen years of age and in the sophomore class at school, his mother died.

The little home was kept together until the next vacation. Then the doctor ordered Alphonsus to the West Indies, as his lungs had become affected in the confinement of the book-store, of which he was now next to head salesman, and in the trying air of New York.

Elizabeth went to live with friends down-town and Aloysius had his first experience of life in a boarding-house. He soon found employment, and spent a year as stock-clerk in a wholesale Yankee notion store. But the work did not agree with him nor did he suit the work; so, in the following September, he made an arrangement with the college whereby he went there to live, teaching a class by day and continuing his own studies at night.

At the close of the next school year he made application to be received into a religious order, was admitted, and went to the novitiate.

"Mother's prayers will be heard," he thought, as he was led by the novice-master to his cell.

He was a novice for a year, a month, a week, and a day. Having been told by three physicians that a deafness that had been growing upon him since his thirteenth year was incurable, and likely to become rather worse than better, he placed himself in the hands of his superiors in the order and asked them what he should do. They answered that if he had had his hearing they would have bidden him stay where he was, but

that in the uncertainty in which he would be placed in case his deafness should become complete, and his course to the priesthood be barred, they were reluctant to take the responsibility of rendering a decision. He then resolved to go forth and await the development of his infirmity on the outside.

He had hardly gotten well settled in a newspaper office in a neighboring city when Alphonsus returned to the metropolis and died of hasty consumption, in the twenty-seventh year of his age.

All this time Elizabeth had been with the friends to whom she had gone upon her mother's death. She showed no special aptitude or inclination for any calling in life. She was light-hearted, fond of amusements, eager for the dance, but pious and full of good sense. She had two offers of marriage, one of them from an excellent *parti*, who pressed his suit with ardor for a year or two, and to whom she more than once was on the point of saying Yes, when something or another always intervened. Strange to say, too, whenever she attempted to do anything for herself in the way of seeking employment she fell sick with fevers and strange symptoms of an ailment for which medical men could not account, and which they could not cure.

The burden of her support, that had hitherto been borne by Alphonsus, now fell upon Aloysius—for the Brooklyn property had been let run down and the tenants paid when and what they pleased—and he considered that his exit from the novitiate in time to care for her was more or less providential.

Five years passed by. Aloysius' deafness remained about the same as when the aurists whom he had consulted had given up his case, and Elizabeth's queer malady still followed her into every situation that she sought. One day her confessor said to her, without forethought on his part and with bewilderment on hers:

"Did you ever think of entering the convent?"

"No, indeed, father."

"Something seems to tell me that you have a vocation. Would you be willing to find out?"

"Yes, certainly."

"It can't harm you to make a retreat to ascertain the mind of God in your regard. Therefore go, in His name, to the Ladies of the Sacred Heart next Monday morning. I'll speak to them meanwhile and arrange for your stay with them as a guest for a week. Go through the spiritual exercises, decide what to do with your life, and let me know the result."

Before Monday came Elizabeth had read Lady Gertrude Douglas's *Linked Lives*, which was then fresh from the press

and which had been sent to her, unread, by her brother, who knew not that it was to have an influence on her life. In it there is mention of the perpetual adoration of the Blessed Sacrament.

At the end of her retreat Elizabeth returned to her confessor and said:

"I'm going to be a nun, father, in some convent of strict observance, where the perpetual adoration of the Blessed Sacrament is kept."

"Well, may God be praised, what a coincidence is this! When the bell rang for me to come to the parlor to see you, I had in my hand a letter received this morning saying that several Sisters of St. Dominic are on their way from France to the Diocese of Newark to found a monastery in which the Lord of Hosts shall be worshipped continually night and day, and in which the life will be about as severe as it is among the Carmelites. Possibly there is your appointed place."

There *was* her place. She is there now, happy in her high and hard and holy calling.

Aloysius is married, the father of four children, a writer for newspapers.

The man in blue paused for a full half minute, looked out of the window the while at the flying scenery, and said in conclusion:

"No one could convince me that the prayers, the tears, the sufferings, the sacrifices, and the labors of that mother have gone without their reward, and no one could persuade me that that reward did not consist, directly, if only in part, in the call to the counsels, not indeed of the son for whom they were offered, but of the daughter who has valiantly responded to her sublime vocation. The mother obtained the grace from God. Of that I have no doubt. By her it was proposed for her boy; by Heaven it was disposed to her girl."

"Do you think that the boy first received and then lost the grace?" questioned the man in brown.

"God only knows the secrets of hearts. But the deafness coming upon the boy without fault of his, and acting as a bar to his path towards the altar, would appear to answer that question in the negative."

"That's so," said the man in brown.

And the studious-looking person in the next seat buried his face in his magazine as he muttered to himself: "Who in the world could have told that man my life's story, and what would he say if he only knew that I am Aloysius!"

## PASCHALE GAUDIUM.

BY WILLIAM L. GILDEA, D.D.



THE Ritual of the church, like some magnificent instrument of music in the hands of a skilful player, can generally represent and body forth every mood of every human soul. But, read the Ritual proper to Easter week upwards, downwards, backwards, forwards, and you will find no note or tone there but the tone and note of joy. "This is the day which the Lord hath made," over and over again: alleluias; till the head is well-nigh reeling. The church would seem to be playing the part of the unfortunate widow of the parable; insisting on joy, till, if joy cannot come to us otherwise, in spite of ourselves we be joyful.

My intention is to justify this joy exceeding of the church. I find the justification in the various names by which the church designates the Easter day and season. "A name or word," says St. Thomas, "is a thought of the mind, outwardly expressed." The true word is the inward word, the word spoken within the mind. The word which sounds in the ear is a word only in a *secondary* sense; deserves to be called word only in so far as it suitably portrays the *mental* word. Words and names used by men are often meaningless, mere beatings of the air. Not so words and names used by the church. Ponder them, and you will find them abysses of mystery. Press them, and the honey of devotion will run out.

Now, the church uses three names to designate the Easter day and season; one an English name, one a Latin name, and one a Hebrew name—*Easter, Resurrectio, Phase*. Some have never thought it worth while to inquire why this season is called Easter-tide.

Just add the letter "N" to the word, make it "Eastern," and we have the solution. Some, indeed, derive from "Eastra" the Goddess of Dawn; this season being dedicated to that goddess in pagan, Anglo-Saxon days. But these have only pursued the inquiry half way. Why was the Goddess of Dawn called Eastra? Because the dawn of day is in the East—*Morgenland*—as the musical, mystical Germans call it—morningland.



The church took the pagan philosophy and made it the buckler of faith against the heathen. She took the pagan, Roman Pantheon, temple of all the gods, and made it sacred to all the martyrs; so it stands to this day. She took the pagan Sunday and made it the Christian Sunday. She took the pagan Easter and made it the feast we celebrate during this season.

*Sunday* and *Easter* day are, if we consider their derivation, much the same. In truth, all Sundays are Sundays only because they are a weekly, partial recurrence of Easter day. The pagan Sunday was, in a manner, an unconscious preparation for Easter day. The sun was a foremost god with heathendom. Balder the beautiful, the White God, the old Scandinavians called him. The sun has worshippers at this hour in Persia and other lands. "Some of you," says Carlyle, "may remember that fancy of Plato's. A man is kept in some dark, underground cave from childhood till maturity; then suddenly is carried to the upper airs. For the first time he sees the sun shining in its splendor overhead. He must fall down, says Plato, and adore it." There is, in truth, something royal, kingly about the sun, making it a fit emblem of Jesus, the Sun of Justice. Hence the church in these countries would seem to have said, "Keep that old, pagan name. It shall remain consecrated, sanctified." And thus the pagan Sunday, dedicated to Balder, became the Christian Sunday, sacred to Jesus. The sun is a fitting emblem of Jesus. The Fathers often compared Jesus to the sun; as they compared Mary to the moon, the beautiful moon, the beautiful Mary, shedding her mild, beneficent light on the darkness and night of this world—not light of her own; no Catholic says this; but—light reflected from the sun, Jesus.

I am stating a scientific though very elementary fact when I say that all the *light* and *heat* in the world come directly, or originally, from the sun. The warmth and light which are hidden in the wood and the coal are bottled sun-light and sun-heat. The noble tree, as it rears its stately head and extends its spreading branches, is drinking sun-light and sun-heat at every pore. Let the tree fall to the ground, be covered with crusts of earth, undergo chemical changes till it be converted into coal. The light and heat remain there still; remain like imprisoned *genii*; but at the "open sesame," the right spoken word of command, they will manifest themselves again. The warmth which we enjoy, as we sit by our cheerful fires in the cold evenings of winter, is sun-warmth set free again after a captivity of ages; the gas-flame over-head is sun-light.

And Jesus is "the true *light* which enlighteneth every man that cometh into this world." He is the *exemplar cause* of all things. Before creation the world, both in its large outlines and in its least details, rested in the mind of God. Each creature has its archetype in an idea present to the Divine Wisdom—an idea which is one of the infinite phases of the divine imitability. But the Wisdom of God is Jesus, his Eternal Word. And, when the decree of creation went forth, it was the Art of God which gave birth to things; and Jesus is the Art of God "*per quem fecit et sæcula*," by whom he made also the ages. Creation is the partial utterance "*ad extra*" of Jesus—the Word of the Father. God *spoke* and the world was made. Hence, ancient Greek writers call creation "*logos prophorikos*," the Word begotten *without*, generated in time—generated, that is, by external manifestation. And thus the world cannot be adequately known except in the light of Jesus. "I am the Light of the world," he said.

But if Jesus is the *exemplar cause* of all things; if each thing is what it is because it participates of him, in an especial manner is this true of intelligences, of angels, and of men. Things irrational are mere *vestigia*, footprints of Jesus—tokens that his spirit has passed by and has blessed. But intelligences are in the image of Jesus. These represent not the mere working of their cause, but the principles of its operation—the mind and the will. Our light of intellect is a participation of the light and wisdom of God—that is, a participation of Jesus. Hence it was that, when our light of intellect became obscured by sin, God the Word, and not the Father or the Spirit, took flesh to restore us. "The art," says St. Thomas, "which made, restores the work when it has become impaired." He is the true light which enlighteneth every man that cometh into this world. He is the light of our natural intelligence; and he is the light of our faith guiding us heavenwards, homewards. And he will be our light in heaven, for the "light of glory" is yet another participator of the light of Jesus, and we shall see God in the vision of the Word, for he is the inaccessible light in which the Father dwelleth. "*In lumine tuo videbimus lumen*."

The sun gives *life* as well as *light*. Go to the frozen loins of the north. What life will you find there? Mosses, lichens, berry-shrubs at most. Advance towards the sun; come a little more south. You meet with trees—the solitary fir and the hardy pine. More south again; and you come upon the oak, the elm, the beech, and the lime towering in thick-set forests.

Again more south; and the trees bear fruit—the apple, the pear, the cherry, and the plum. You must go more south still if you seek the delicate fruits—the orange, the lemon, the olive, and the fig, and the home of the vine between the parallels of latitude thirty and fifty. Arrive at last at the torrid zone; and the vegetation there is characterized by a wealth, variety, and magnificence nowhere else to be found. Under the beams of the tropical sun the most juicy fruits and the most powerful aromatics arrive at their perfection. The largest trees there are adorned with flowers larger, more beautiful, more odoriferous than those of herbaceous plants in our own zone. The sun is life to man as well as to plant. The old man says, “If I can only get through the winter I shall be all right.” Some of ourselves no doubt look to the coming summer to restore to health some loved one. The wealthy invalid seeks a southern clime when the first step of winter is heard. He goes to Nice or Madeira and, seated in an easy chair where the sun’s rays may fall on him, finds relief if not cure. We, who must pass our winter far from the genial south, what do we do? Just as we eat preserved fruits, so we bask in preserved sunshine. In short, we light a fire, and extract the sun-warmth which is enchained in the coal.

Jesus is the *life* of the world as well as its *light*. I restrict myself to proving that he is the life of man. Life is the intrinsic principle of movement; and the principle is perfect only when it is in actual movement; and the highest movement is that of intellection. Hence, Aristotle says, in his *Ethics*, that intellection is life of the highest grade. But, as has been shown, the light of our intellect which, in its actual working, is our highest natural life, is a participation of the light of Jesus. Jesus is our life too in the supernatural order of grace; for grace is a participation of his Sonship, the dwelling and working of his spirit in us; so that St. Paul could say, “I live now, no, not I, but Christ liveth in me.” Jesus is our life in the order of glory also. Even pagan Aristotle knew that man’s beatitude lay in the exercise of his highest faculty, the speculative intellect, on the highest object, the infinite good. In the after-life of bliss there will be a “*comprincipium*” of native intelligence and of light of glory, and, through this medium, union with the highest object—the *Summum Bonum*. This is essential life, eternal life. “This,” said our Saviour, “is eternal life, that men may know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent.” And the “light of glory” is yet another and a fuller participation of the light of Jesus; and the

Object of Bliss, in which we shall see the Trinity in unity and the unity in Trinity, the unutterable mysteries, and the exhaustless depths of the Godhead, is the Word—the expressed species or image of the Father, Jesus.

The sun is the *gladness* of the world as well as its *light* and *life*. Why is the spring-time buoyant, jubilant? Because it gives promise of the summer. Everything which stands related to the summer stands thereby ennobled. We would sooner see the swallow than the bird of paradise, and we prefer the cuckoo's plaint to the music of the linnet. The summer's sun touches the earth with its magic wand, and the earth is covered with golden corn. All nature is out a-holiday, and smiles as though it would last for ever. But autumn approaches; and nature grows first serious, then melancholy. The sward forgets its verdure. The leaves fall from the trees, like tears shed over departed glories. Nature casts aside her holiday garb, as though she would say, "What use in these ornaments? This is no time for rejoicing." Then comes rough, scowling winter, and with ruthless hands strips the earth of any beauty which may still linger. Winter is nature dressed in rags; no need to put scarecrows in the fields *then*.

Jesus is the gladness and the joy of the world, even to those who know him not. Slaves emancipated, torture abolished, prison-life ameliorated, woman dignified and ennobled, Little Sisters of the Poor, Nursing Sisters; what joy all this brings to the world! And all this is the work of Jesus. The very name of Jesus is mirth and joy. No more the "*tetragrammeton*," the unpronounceable name; but Jesus, Saviour. No more the Omnipotent speaking in the thunders and lightnings of Sinai; but the Word made flesh, an infant, as one of us in all save sin. Jesus is our joy in life, our joy in death, our joy beyond the grave. In heaven our joy shall be full, and our joy no man shall take from us; for there the sheep will be gathered to their Shepherd, and Jesus will be for ever our reward exceeding great.

No wonder, then, that the church sanctions that old pagan Saxon word Sunday as the sign of the Lord's day.

But the Sun went down. Jesus the light, the life, the joy of the world died on the cross, crying out, "It is finished." And there was darkness over the whole earth from the sixth to the ninth hour. The image, the figure, the symbol was eclipsed when the reality sank down. The Pharisees, doctors of the law, princes of the people make merry over this. "Yes," they cry,

"it is indeed finished. We shall see the sun in the heavens again to-morrow; but the King of the Jews, Son of God, True Light and True Life, as he called himself, we shall never see or hear of more. Each man to his work and his station with a light heart. The impostor, the stirrer-up of sedition, is dead."

Foolish Pharisees, doctors of the law, princes of the people! Yours is such a triumph as hell gives—short-lived, apparent only. Ye war against Heaven. Ye prophesy against God. He will not suffer his Holy One to see corruption. By his omnipotent right hand he hath sworn it. When the sun shall be darkened, and the moon refuses her light, and the stars fall from the sky, this Jesus, the Lamb Immaculate, whom ye have slain, shall be the splendor of that heaven whereof our sun is but the porch-lamp.

*"Post tres dies resurgam"*—After three days I shall rise again.

The third day has come. Our light, our life, our joy has returned to us; and we shall never lose him more. Our Sun has dawned on us again, and eternity shall not know his setting. "Christ, being risen from the dead, dieth now no more. Death shall no more have dominion over him."

I left the harbor one night. During three or four days and nights previously dense fogs had hung over the waters. Collisions, serious accidents had occurred. The night promised fair as we started, but as we reached the open sea a thick, heavy pall settled over us. The speed of the vessel was slackened. We slowly crawled along. The mournful fog-signal, like some wild banshee cry threatening doom, sounded at frequent intervals. Suddenly the dense curtain lifted somewhat. A transient glimpse of the moon. Then, slowly at first but with ever-increasing speed, the heavy folds rolled away, till the fair orb of night shone in her full splendor upon us. A loud cheer went up. Joy filled the soul of every man on board. This for a passing glimpse of the far-off moon! No wonder, then, if the church be intoxicated with joy when the Sun of Justice is given back to us for evermore. "This is the day which the Lord hath made; let us rejoice and be glad in it." Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia! Our Sun, and our Chief and Leader, too: he has wrestled with principalities and powers—nay, with the wrath of God which had endured for four thousand years—and has come off the victor. What is any Wellington victory or Nelson triumph compared with this? And yet we think much of them! Forget all about them. Forget everything but one thing during Paschal season. "This is the day which the Lord hath made; let us rejoice and be glad in it." Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

## PANGE LINGUA.

*(A new translation from St. Thomas Aquinas.)*

BY REV. C. A. WALWORTH.



**S**ING, my tongue, the wond'rous story;  
 Sing the mystery divine;  
 Sing the Saviour's precious body,  
 Royal grape of Mary's vine,  
 Bleeding, for a world's redemption,  
 Costly drops of saving wine.  
 Wond'rous boon to earth from Heaven,  
 Mary's virgin womb the mean;  
 In our desert, thrifty Farmer,  
 Sowing truth in golden grain.  
 Wonderful the solemn mission!  
 Wonderful the closing scene!  
 At the Paschal feast reclining  
 'Midst the tearful brotherhood,  
 All that ancient rites prefigured  
 Closing in a newer code,  
 Jesus, with His own hand min'stering,  
 Gave Himself to be their food.  
 With a word, the Word incarnate  
 Bread as living flesh doth hail;  
 Wine becomes a bleeding fountain.  
 Oh, if thought and senses fail  
 To confirm the heart that loveth,  
 Let a simple faith avail.  
 Bow we then with souls adoring;  
 Low before the mystery fall.  
 Let the ancient institution  
 Yield to nobler ritual!  
 Let firm faith supply, where folded  
 Sense is ineffectual.  
 Now to Thee, O Sire eternal,  
 And to Thee, eternal Son,  
 And to Thee, co-equal Spirit,  
 Everlasting praise be shown!  
 Equal be the salutation  
 Where the life is always one.

## HER LAST STAKE.

BY T. L. L. TEELING.

## CHAPTER I.

**I**T was only the month of May; yet the season was already almost August-like in its sultry heat, and shops were beginning to put up their shutters with the customary notice, "Ouverture le 1<sup>re</sup> Octobre," and hotel omnibuses to convey huge mountains of trunks and portmanteaux to, instead of from, the unpretending little railway station which, like all its fellows, has welcomed so many illustrious strangers to the Riviera.

Just as the day was at its hottest, and the "butterflies of fashion," as some one calls them, had presumably folded their wings to rest until sundown—for few, if any, were to be seen flitting in and out of the gorgeous hotels which seem to constitute modern Mentone—two slender, black-robed figures advanced somewhat timidly up the footpath leading to one of the largest of these, and, after a brief parley with the porter, were ushered into a large and luxuriously furnished salon.

To them there entered, after a few minutes delay, a quiet-looking, middle-aged lady with gray hair and placid expression, who cast an inquiring glance upon her visitors as she advanced with a little bow towards them.

"You speak English?" she inquired hesitatingly, as the two nuns rose to receive her.

"We *are* English," was the unexpected reply from the elder of the two, given in rich, round tones; "that is to say, we are Irish."

"Irish? Oh!" and the lady's face brightened as she held out both hands to her visitors. "Irish nuns? What an unexpected, welcome sight!" she went on, drawing a chair close to them. "Where did you come from, and how came you here?"

"Indeed, it doesn't seem the place for us, does it?" laughed the nun. "I never felt more out of my element. But the fact is, we are on a begging tour."

"What order do you belong to?" asked Mrs. Mortimer, glancing at their black habits and white coifs as if seeking

some indication which might guide her. "Nazareth nuns, Little Sisters of the Poor, Sœurs de Nevers—you seem to look a little like each, and yet to be unlike all."

"Well, we are a new nursing order, founded not many years ago—our foundress still lives—with houses in England and in Italy; and we have been sent out from the latter country to collect subscriptions all along this line."

"Principally from the English visitors, I suppose?"

"Well, yes; for we are not very strong in French, either of us." And the good-tempered Irishwoman smiled across to her companion in placid contentment with her own linguistic shortcomings. So they chatted on for awhile of their houses, their order, and their work; and then they rose to go, as Mrs. Mortimer pulled out her purse.

"Here is my little offering, sisters," she said, as she laid a small gold piece in Sister Raphael's hand. "I wish it were more, for I feel quite interested in your work; but you know even a quiet, lone body like myself has many calls on the purse."

"Do you stay here long?" asked Sister Raphael of her, just, as it seemed, for the sake of conversation as she ushered them across the big, palm-decked hall.

"I have been here all the winter for my health, but I am leaving to-morrow. By the bye, how did you come to hear of me?" she asked, stopping short in the middle of the hall with an amused glance back at them.

"Oh! we manage to hunt up all the English names everywhere—you are the only English person now in this hotel, are you not?"

"Yes. There are still a good many people here, but none of them English—except—ah, yes! . . ." She stopped short as she caught sight of two men advancing towards them, who were whispering gravely and earnestly together.

"Bon jour, Monsieur Grosjean," she called out pleasantly to one of the two—a big, heavy-looking Frenchman, who was knitting his brows and biting his lips in evident perplexity as his companion talked. "How does Monsieur le Médecin find his patient to-day?"

Monsieur Grosjean, who in fact was no less than the proprietor of the hotel, advanced towards the little group, slowly shaking his head.

"Ah, madame, it is a terrible business—a dreadful thing indeed, for me."



"What, is she worse?" said Mrs. Mortimer quickly.

"Monsieur le Médecin will tell you," he replied, with a theatrical gesture towards his companion.

"What is the matter with the lady at number 27?" asked Mrs. Mortimer of the vivacious-looking little doctor, who was drawing on his gloves.

With a glance at the hotel proprietor, which was answered by an affirmative nod, the doctor pronounced "Typhus fever, madame, of the most virulent type—"

"But oh, madame, I implore you, let it not be known among my pensionnaires!" breathed the proprietor; "it would ruin—simply ruin my hotel."

"And the worst of it is, that there is not a nurse to be had; I can't have my patient left to die alone," muttered the doctor discontentedly.

"Your own compatriot, madame," murmured M. Grosjean, turning his big black eyes plaintively upon Mrs. Mortimer, as though he sought to transfer the burden of responsibility from his own shoulders to hers.

All this time the two nuns had stood patiently apart under the palm-boughs, wondering whether they might slip quietly out and so take their departure, or whether Mrs. Mortimer had any more last words to say.

"Well, monsieur, if she *is* my compatriot I can hardly be expected to nurse her myself, can I? Oh! stay, though," she went on, as her eyes fell upon the waiting pair; "look here, these nuns are English nursing sisters; suppose you set one of them to nurse the sick lady?"

"Nurses, are they?" exclaimed the little doctor; and he darted quickly to their side and broke into voluble explanations and entreaties. The sisters turned to Mrs. Mortimer in utter bewilderment.

"My dear sisters, yes—indeed it is most urgent. You have just been telling me that your work is to nurse the sick in their own homes, rich and poor alike; to go wherever you are summoned, irrespective of creed or position, and without fixed fee. Here is a case which calls for charity as loudly as any. A poor lady, staying in this hotel all the winter, has been taken ill with typhus fever, and now lies unconscious upstairs. No nurse can be found to undertake the case; and I fancy the proprietor does not care to make himself responsible for the payment and maintenance of one of the expensive style of English nurses who are the only ones to be found hereabouts.

But no doubt the lady's friends will come forward later, when they can be communicated with."

The sisters hesitated, and then began to consult together in low tones, the youngest nun apparently objecting, and the elder urging her arguments. Presently the latter, Sister Raphael, turned to Mrs. Mortimer, the proprietor and doctor both standing expectantly aside.

"I think," said Sister Raphael, "that it seems as if we ought to do something for the poor lady. But you see, we cannot definitely undertake the case without orders. I propose that Sister Gabrielle here should remain with the patient for a few days, while I continue my journey homewards, as I have business to transact en route, and meanwhile we can write to our mother for further orders."

"Any help, even for a day or two, will be most welcome, I am sure," said Mrs. Mortimer; and she repeated the proposal to the two men, who immediately turned to Sister Raphael with profuse expressions of gratitude.

"We had better go to the patient at once," then said Sister Raphael; and the little doctor turned to accompany them upstairs and install his new-found nurse.

"O sister, my heart fails me—indeed it does!" whispered Sister Gabrielle, as they followed him up the wide marble staircase. "It's not the nursing I am afraid of, but being alone in this great big place, and not a soul to speak to in my own language."

"Now, Gabrielle dear, you mustn't speak like that. Sure, Our Lady will take care of you."

"Yes, I know," somewhat plaintively assented the younger. "But I haven't got any of my nursing things, you know—aprons, sleeves, and so on. If—if—I stay, will you write for some for me?"

"I'll settle all that, never fear!" said cheery Sister Raphael. "I wish I could stay myself, but you know I am bound to go back with all the money and business letters and accounts to mother."

So they mounted beyond the "*première étage*," and higher still beyond the "*deuxième*," and finally passed along the corridor and paused at a door before which hung a white sheet duly soaked in disinfectants.

"I have put that up already, you see," remarked the doctor, touching it. "Dangerous thing to do, though—might arouse suspicion—told the chambermaid it was to keep out draughts."

He lifted it for them to pass, and they went on into the sick-room.

A close, sickening odor—the peculiar effluvia of typhus—was the first thing of which they became conscious on entering the apartment. Then they found themselves standing beside the bed whereon lay, tossing and muttering in fevered delirium, a woman of some forty years old, whose thin hands wandered feebly to and fro over the coverlet, while her dark hair, streaked with gray, streamed in tangled masses over a soiled and tumbled pillow. A table beside the bed was crowded with medicine bottles, half-empty cups and glasses, and other paraphernalia of a neglected sick-room; clothes and soiled linen lay upon every chair, and a travelling trunk, dragged into the middle of the room, stood half-open.

“If you will just glance round and see what you are likely to want, I will order it as I go down,” remarked the doctor. “And I will look in again this evening—in fact, I think for the future I shall pay my visits only after dark, as the proprietor objects to a doctor being seen too often about the place.”

The nuns, after a hasty glance round, mentioned some probable wants: a spirit-lamp, cups, and so on, and then the doctor and Sister Raphael turned to go.

“Good-by, dear sister,” whispered the latter; “keep up your heart, and send us news of you soon.”

And then Sister Gabrielle found herself alone.

She began by opening the window for a moment, to let in some of the pure fresh air which seemed so sadly needed in that fetid sick chamber; and then, after one brief, refreshing glance at the glories of sea and sky, mountain and olive-yards, which were spread out before her as she closed the casement, she proceeded to set in order the neglected apartment. The tumbled bedclothes were smoothed, the pillow straightened, with deft and gentle touch; soiled clothes and empty plates and glasses cleared away, and a look of cleanliness and order diffused over everything. By-and-by a knock came at the door, and a tray was handed in to her with some dinner for herself and a basin of very watery-looking beef-tea for the invalid, with an inquiry as to whether anything further was required for the night. “I am not allowed to go in,” whispered the coquettish-looking chambermaid, “but you can ring if you require anything.”

Meanwhile the sick woman lay quietly on her narrow bed, tossing her hot hands a little from side to side as though in search of some cool spot whereon to rest them, and muttering

faintly unintelligible sentences in French and English from time to time. "There will be no change yet," pronounced the doctor at his evening visit, "so make yourself a bed on the sofa and get some rest; you may need it later on." And so night fell upon the silent room.

---

CHAPTER II.

The days passed on and still the change, for life or death, delayed its coming. Patient Sister Gabrielle still watched beside her unconscious charge, sometimes slipping outside the heavy curtain of that carbolized sheet which shut them off—she and this stranger together—from the world without, to breathe for a few moments the purer air of the corridor and its open window looking towards the mountains, until the pert chambermaid who waited on them whispered to her that "M. le Propriétaire requested that la sœur would not show herself outside the room, lest other visitors should suspect illness there." So that even that faint relaxation was taken from her. One morning he sent word to her to come to his bureau; and she went wondering and somewhat anxious, for she knew that he received his daily report from the doctor, and asked herself wherein she could supplement it.

"*Bon jour, ma sœur*; how goes your patient? The same? No worse, no better? Ah! it is trying, this." He spoke in halting yet not altogether bad English, knowing that the nun's command of French was but slight. "Look here, I have some word to say to you. Have you found, among the lady's possessions, any such things as letters, papers, *hein*?"

"I have not looked, monsieur," replied Sister Gabrielle, with some indignation.

"But it would be well that you should do so," he returned. "Look here: we must find out her friends—we must know more."

"Do you know nothing of them, then?" questioned the sister, opening her mild blue eyes a little wider as this new and startling fact presented itself.

"Well, it is this. Of course when she first became ill—before you came—I examined her things, and took away all money, and jewelry, and any letters I could find. That I was bound to do, naturally, in my own interest," he added, seeing that the nun looked somewhat startled at his announcement; "I was obliged to see that there was some money forthcoming for the expenses."

"Oh, yes, certainly!" stammered poor Sister Gabrielle as he paused and looked for approbation.

"Well, now, the money which I found has come to an end. I looked for an address to which to write, among her papers, and found one only. I wrote, and here is the reply." He handed an open letter to the nun. It ran as follows:

"Mrs. Hillyard begs to acknowledge the receipt of Monsieur Grosjean's communication with respect to Miss Falconer. She encloses a post-office order for ten pounds towards the expenses which M. Grosjean may have incurred, and at the same time wishes to state that no further application will be entertained. Any letters from Miss Falconer, or from others on her behalf, will remain unanswered."

"*Voilà!*" commented the propriétaire, as Sister Gabrielle folded and handed him back the letter. "No further hope in that quarter, you see."

"And is that the only address you have been able to find?"

"Absolutely the only one. Now, you see, this money will carry us on for a few days—my own expenses, I mean, nothing more; and for you, *ma sœur*, there is nothing; I wished to point it out to you."

"That does not matter; we are never paid. I mean we make no fixed charge; all whom we nurse, rich or poor, are expected to make some offering to the convent, according to their means, and the offerings of the rich pay for the expenses of attending on the poor."

Still, as Sister Gabrielle so bravely explained this, there was fading from her mind a hopeful little vision which she had been entertaining all this time, of her own triumphant return to the convent home bearing a substantial "offering" from the inmate of one of the biggest and grandest hotels in the Riviera.

"Well, we must await the course of events," sighed M. Grosjean in a dissatisfied fashion. "If the lady dies, which would be the simplest solution of the difficulty, I shall bury her with this"—waving the ten pound note in his hand—"et tout sera dit. If she lives—*hélas!* there will be a long convalescence."

"Does not the consul sometimes help in these cases?" suggested the nun.

"If she were well, he could have her conveyed back to England—as a pauper; I do not know of anything else that he can do. However, I will see. Meanwhile please see if you can find any letters or papers among her things which may give us some clue to her friends. *Bon jour, ma sœur.*"

Sister Gabrielle went back to the little north room *au troisième* with a sad heart; and as she approached the bed to administer some nourishment at the appointed hour a thrill of pity and compassion came to her as she passed her hand under the hot, restless head, and held a spoon to the parched lips.

"Poor thing! poor thing!" she whispered to herself. "Homeless and friendless—I wonder why?"

As if the words had touched some chord in the sufferer's mind, she began to murmur some words, more connectedly than any the nun had heard hitherto. "Why? Why? Who knows why? Was it my system? It is a good one, yes! Yet listen: *Rouge perd—perd encore—toujours le rouge qui perd*—and those others, they win, and they do not need it as I do. . . . Which do you say is the lucky man? . . . I will ask—him—to give me a number—a number—" and her voice trailed away again into silence.

"I suppose she has been to that dreadful Casino," innocently thought the nun. "Will she die, I wonder? Perhaps I ought to say something to her about it, if a gleam of consciousness comes. It is useless to send for a priest, as, no doubt, she is a Protestant. Is she, though? Well, if she were a Catholic there would surely be something to show it—some medal, scapular—something."

So, seeing that her patient had lapsed into quietude, she set to work to empty the big trunk which, with innate delicacy, she had hitherto refrained from touching, though M. le Propriétaire's rough hands had already tossed and tumbled about its contents. Now, knowing that for its owner's sake it was incumbent on her to seek information, she carefully examined every corner. Dress pockets, the little work-case, an empty card-case, two or three French novels of the usual yellow-covered kind, some torn sheets of paper dotted over with figures, the meaning of which Sister Gabrielle did not fathom, and vaguely supposed them to be "accounts," old concert programmes—was there nothing of the past among all these tumbled heaps of fine linen and lace, gloves and wraps, mostly old and worn, but still dainty in texture; no scrap of identity to be found anywhere?

As she pondered and puzzled over this strange absence of any clue to the sick woman's identity, which she began to think must be intentional, the feeble voice began again its monotonous, broken words.

"It is only life that can fear dying. Possible loss means possible gain . . . gain? I never gain—it is all loss, loss, loss!"

"Could I not reach that bewildered brain?" thought Sister Gabrielle, rising from her kneeling position beside the trunk and going over to the bed. She took in her hands the crucifix which hung at her side and pressed it to the parched lips of the sufferer, whispering in low tones the word "Jesus." To her surprise the touch of the crucifix seemed to come to those babbling lips as a familiar thing, or perchance an awakening memory; the fevered hand clasped it round, and the murmuring voice began anew: "Sacred Heart . . . Heart of Jesus . . . mercy!"

"She is a Catholic!" said Sister Gabrielle to herself, speaking aloud in her astonishment. "No one but a Catholic would say that. And yet no scapular, no medal, no slightest token of religion anywhere. Poor soul! I fear she has forgotten God."

Presently she gave food again, and noticed afterward that the patient seemed falling into a stupor.

"Yes," said the doctor, who came in shortly afterward; "it is the crisis. If she awake from this stupor she will be saved."

"Otherwise . . . she will pass away in it?"

"Probably." And he nodded farewell with a cheery air, as if to say that their watching would shortly be over.

Sister Gabrielle sat down beside the bed with an anxious heart; doubly so now that she guessed, or fancied, that a soul was there before her which, with all its sins upon it, was standing very near to the threshold of eternity. She took up her rosary and half mechanically began to say it, watching the while with eager eyes lest any change should come. But hours passed on, and the long night; and it was not until the morning sun was pouring its full flood of radiance through the unshaded pane that the sick woman opened her large, languid eyes wearily, but with full, tired consciousness, upon her watcher, and whispered faintly "Who are you?"

---

### CHAPTER III.

So the crisis had passed and she was saved!

Many a better life, to all human seeming, cherished and watched with passionate devotion, might have failed to struggle through the hour of trial; but this woman, whom apparently no one wanted, with no place in life as it seemed, no means even of subsistence, had retained her hold on life and was now

slowly but surely coming back to strength, and—to what? Was it, as Sister Gabrielle thought to herself as she watched her patient, lying propped up by pillows, with sad and troubled eyes turned towards the window, hardly speaking save to utter a brief word of thanks from time to time for services rendered; was it for the “one more grace” so often given that she had been thus brought back from the very gates of death?

One often wonders, watching beside a sick bed or mourning some irreparable loss, why, where “one is taken and the other left,” an Infinite Wisdom seems to choose those whom human love and human needs most cling to, rather than those who, like this sad-faced patient, seem of little use. Perhaps, like the subject of that unconsciously bitter remark which haunts one in its very simplicity of truth, they have “outlived their usefulness”; as was said of some old woman, a mother who had toiled all her life out for children and home, and now was no longer wanted there—“because, ma’am,” said one for whom she had spent herself in youth, “she is of no more use—she has *outlived her usefulness!*”

“You will soon be able to get up now,” said Sister Gabrielle encouragingly, as she took from the patient’s hands an empty cup and lowered her pillow.

“Yes?” was the listless answer.

“Do you not care to recover?”

“Why should I?” And the dark eyes were turned on hers with an unutterable look of hopelessness in their depths.

The sister laid one hand upon the thin, trembling one before her, as she said, half shyly, half gravely, but very earnestly: “Do you not remember that God has been very, very good to you in letting you live?”

“Would he not have been better to me in letting me die?” returned the other bitterly.

“Were you so ready to die then?” questioned the nun, half fearing her own temerity, yet longing to speak the words that had been trembling on her lips for days. “You are a Catholic—I know you are—”

“How did you guess it?” broke in the other, sharply.

“You told me yourself, without intending it, in your delirium.”

“Ah! that’s true . . . that wretched fever; . . . tell me, did I say anything more—anything about my past, about myself?”

Sister Gabrielle shook her head.



"Nothing that I could understand. But what has been troubling me was—was—the thought that you might die unprepared."

"Has it? You poor good little nun!" And the dark eyes softened for a moment as they turned an amused, half-sarcastic glance upon her. "You have been thinking of my poor soul, have you? Don't—it is not worth it!"

"Oh! do not say that; do not speak so. What would have become of you if you had died?"

The sick woman turned upon her pillow to look full into Sister Gabrielle's face.

"You remind me of a little pious story I once heard—I wonder whether you know it? Listen. Give me that glass of water at your side. A girl who was—well, not a very good girl—was dying, and the friends round her bed spoke to her—well—as you want to talk to me. One of them asked her '*where she thought she was going?*' She dipped her finger in some water, like this"—she touched the water with her own—"and held it up before them all, one sparkling drop hanging on its tip. '*I am going,*' she said, '*where I shall call in vain for one drop of water to cool my burning tongue.*' And as she spoke the words she fell back and died!"

Sister Gabrielle could not repress a shudder at the picture thus set before her; but she quickly turned the subject by fetching from a table near a cup of beef-tea which had been warmed over her little spirit-lamp, and which was gratefully, even eagerly consumed by her patient.

That evening she was again summoned to M. Grosjean's bureau.

"So it seems that your patient is recovering?" was his greeting to her.

"She has passed the crisis, yes, monsieur."

"Does she talk? Does she tell you anything about herself? You should encourage her to do so. And look here, *ma sœur*, I must ask you to speak to her about money matters now—my payment; it is time that she should write to her friends, if she has any, for I need not tell you that ten pounds has very nearly come to an end, even in hotel expenses; and how the doctor will be paid, I know not."

Poor Sister Gabrielle! She felt that she had never in all her life, even through the hardships of her two years' novitiate, had so painful a task to perform as on the following morning, when she essayed to convey the message of M. Grosjean to her patient. Yet she had but few words to say. "I understand,"

was her listener's calm comment, as she strove to convey as delicately as possible the proprietor's demand. "He wants to be paid—naturally. And I—I have nothing to pay him with. He has already taken all that was here, you say?"

"Everything of value except your watch; that is here," answered Sister Gabrielle, lifting it from the mantel-piece as she spoke.

"Ah, that is well! Give it to me here, please. I may need it yet." And she hid it carefully beneath her pillow, and lay back, evidently thinking painfully, for some time.

"Will you get me some paper, and a pen and ink, please?" she said at length with a visible effort. They were brought to her, and slowly, writing evidently with as much mental as bodily pain, she traced a few lines on two separate sheets of paper, and placed each in an envelope, which she addressed.

"Will you ask the proprietor to stamp these and send them?" she asked.

"I will go down with them myself," said the nun, glad to show that her mission had been so far successful. And she ran lightly down the three long flights of stairs to the tiny bureau where M. Grosjean sat all day long, like a merry spider in the centre of his web.

"What do you think now?" he exclaimed as he saw her; "that unfortunate patient of yours is destined to bring me nothing but misfortune. Her opposite neighbor has caught the fever!"

"Dear me, that is dreadful!" agreed the nun.

"I think the doctor wishes to ask you to undertake the case," went on M. Grosjean; "you see it is very difficult to find a nurse now; there is so much illness about that they are all engaged."

"My present patient is hardly well enough to be left yet," objected Sister Gabrielle.

"She will have to be left, however," retorted the proprietor, "for I do not intend to support a nurse for her any longer. It is hard enough for me to have to keep her—which, of course, I shall only do until she is well enough to leave."

Sister Gabrielle felt somewhat bewildered and shocked at this new turn that things were taking. She had not realized before that her very presence there was, in the eyes of the proprietor, an extra and uncalled-for expense, added to the burden which poor Miss Falconer was already felt to be. As she was extremely anxious to remain near her lonely patient, she began

to review the circumstances in her mind, and to wonder whether she might venture to undertake a second case which, being so near her former patient, would enable her to give an occasional helping hand or word of comfort to the silent, lonely woman, about whom there hung an air of mystery and sorrow.

"Who is the new sufferer?" asked she, after a pause.

"A young gentleman who, with his bride, is here on their wedding tour," was the reply. "The lady is not strong enough to nurse him alone, and the present epidemic of influenza has taken away all the nurses. I should be very glad if you would stay, since you are already familiar with the situation, and do not fear infection."

So the end of it was that Sister Gabrielle found herself transferred to the opposite room—a large, sunny south one, under strict injunctions not to divulge the nature of the illness which she had lately tended, as well as to take every precaution to isolate and disinfect the sick-room. Her patient, a tall, fair young man, of some five-and-twenty years, seemed much less seriously affected than was the case with Miss Falconer, and had the advantage of every appliance and comfort that money—and the drugs from a fashionable English pharmacy—could bestow. The room was shut in by carbolized sheets; one leading to the corridor, and one to the bedroom adjoining where his young wife remained, Sister Gabrielle whispering bulletins from time to time of his progress.

Every morning about nine o'clock—before entering upon his usual round of visits—the doctor, one of the fashionable English physicians of the place, would make his appearance by the bedside, and, cautiously pulling up his sleeve, touch with two timid fingers the sick man's pulse.

"Fever slackening? Ah, yes! That is right! Tongue, please?" and tiptoeing as far as possible from the reach of infected breath, he would cast a hasty glance at that member.

"Now, nurse, the carbolic!" And a vigorous application of carbolic soap to his hands would follow before with nervous haste he nodded farewell to his patient, and retired outside to continue his directions in the corridor. "Open the window, please, there! Ah! everything is going on well, I think, nurse?"

"Quite well, yes."

"We can do no better than continue present treatment—er—trust to nature to—er—restore vitality. (I beg your pardon, nurse, but will you keep on the *other* side of the current of air, letting it pass *from* me to you, do you see?")

"You are rather nervous about infection, I think?" remarked Sister Gabrielle one day, tired of his endless fidgetty precautions.

"Well, you see"—he was a pompous little man, and talked in a consequential tone very irritating to the bystander—"I must consider my other patients. I have important cases on hand—most important. I am at present attending the Duchess of Oxford's little boy with measles, . . . and it is a responsible position—most responsible!"

"But your passing through the fresh air carries off any harmful possibilities, surely?" urged she.

"Ah! infection is a subtle thing!" he rejoined, dolefully shaking his head. "One may catch disease anywhere; cabs, railway carriages, narrow streets—all these are so many traps for the unwary. I assure you, nurse, when my wife and I go to England from here we carefully abstain as far as possible from touching the sides of the railway carriage, and never, never lean back in it! . . . There is nothing more you would wish to ask with reference to the patient, is there?"

This was a delicate hint, repeated each morning, intended to convey the fact that the good man was ready for his fee, which, to avoid any misunderstanding, he preferred to pocket at the close of each visit; and accordingly Sister Gabrielle would disappear for a moment into the adjoining room, and come out with the regulation twenty-franc piece in her hand.

"Good morning!" And Sister Gabrielle would retire behind her protecting sheet, and nurse her patient by the light of her own judgment for the next twenty-four hours.

Sometimes, when he was asleep and she knew that she could leave him safely, she would go quietly out, and steal into the dull little back room where Marion Falconer sat day after day in a broken arm-chair, essaying her strength by pacing slowly and painfully from chair to bed and bed to window, gazing out with large and melancholy eyes upon the changeful hues of the mountain beyond and the cleft valley, whence a snow-swollen rivulet trickled downwards to the sea; the only breaks in the monotony of these long, dreary hours being the infrequent trays of comfortless meals thrust into the doorway by a hasty hand, and the few moments' chat with her former nurse. The doctor had ceased his visits, having pronounced her out of danger, and, perchance, perceiving small chance of obtaining his fee. Every day when Sister Gabrielle entered she would turn her wistful looks towards the doorway, with "Are the letters come, do you know? No letter for me, sister?"

And Sister Gabrielle would shake her head, with some hopeful word which indeed she hardly felt. But the silent, almost awful reserve which encased the sick woman was a barrier which few, and certainly not that timid little nun, could break through. She would hover round her wistfully, and glance at her with shy, appealing looks as she talked in broken sentences of unimportant matters, longing all the time to speak to her of what in very truth she was *waiting to say*—but waiting in vain.

"Is there any English confessor here, I wonder?" she suggested one day as an opening for conversation. "Or perhaps you go to confession in French?"

"Or perhaps not at all?" suggested her questioner, with a faintly ironical smile.

"Would you not like to see a priest, after—having been in such danger of death?"

"I? Oh, no! not at all. Besides, I thought the danger was past?"

"The more reason you have for gratitude," returned Sister Gabrielle quickly, glad even of this slight opening for speaking out her heart.

"This is a great deal to be grateful for, is it not?" spoke Marion Falconer, with a quick little sweep of her hand round the bare room.

"Life *is* a great thing to be grateful for," she answered, "and the future lies in your own power."

"The future?" For once Miss Falconer's indifferent reserve seemed broken through, as she rose and paced with weak, uncertain steps about the room. "What is my future, do you think? Oh, you poor little innocent, ignorant soul! do you know what my life is—what my future is? Look at me! Have I a friend in the world? Is there one single hand that I can grasp or cling to for help, in all the universe? Have I an acquaintance even who would not, if they heard of my death to-night, say 'What a mercy that she is gone'? Look! I am waiting—waiting in a sick despair—for answers to my last appeals for help; and they will not come—I know that! And by-and-by, when I am a little stronger, or the landlord is a little more tired of waiting for the money that never comes, I shall be politely told to go, and leave my worldly goods behind me—such as they are," she added with a dreary little laugh: "and then—when I walk away from this door—what do you propose that I should do then?"

Sister Gabrielle was silent.

"What is left to me but to do what the fever failed to do? I am thinking over it, every day as I sit here, trying to decide how it is to be. Will it be poison? That is very painful—and besides, I shall have no hole of shelter to crawl into to die; one can't die out in the open street. Will it be the sea? I don't like the sea; it is shallow and difficult to reach, and one is ignominiously rescued. I am not a man, and I have not the stereotyped revolver of Monte Carlo usage; so—"

"Oh, please!" gasped Sister Gabrielle, "don't talk like that. I know you don't mean it, but—"

"Not mean it?" returned the other with a grim little smile, which somehow carried conviction with it. "Well, I hope the proprietor will 'not mean it' when he turns me out into the streets, in a day or two. Perhaps you will kindly make that remark to him?"

Sister Gabrielle stood dumbly looking at her for a moment, feeling as if no words were adequate to touch that profound despair. Suddenly her hand, moving mechanically downwards, encountered the rosary at her side, and with an impulsive movement she unfastened and laid it upon Miss Falconer's lap; then, putting both arms round her neck, she kissed the unresponsive cheek; and turning, hurried from the room.

---

#### CHAPTER IV.

In very truth Sister Gabrielle did not in the least guess at her former patient's past or even present life. The ravings of fever, the pencil notes and jottings lying here and there, every indication which would have enlightened a more "worldly" person, passed by her unnoticed and uncomprehended. All that she did take in, however, of the poor wanderer's pitiful and solitary state made her yearn, with the tenderness of a true womanly soul, over that forlorn one to whom by some mysterious overruling of Divine Mercy she had been brought to minister. In after years she used to say that she had never realized until then the terrible inequality of rich and poor against which so many thousands have impotently and wrongly rebelled. In one room sunshine, and comfort, and love—all combining to make human suffering light—in the other poverty, want, despair; within a stone's throw, each to each. And in both rooms the same great, underlying need which, if supplied, would have enriched and ennobled both—the same lack of faith and God.

The mission of those who have devoted their lives to the

service of the sick and dying is, without doubt, primarily the healing of the body; but there is surely with them also an underlying apostolate of ministration to souls. Among the poor this work is ostensible, almost easy, we would say. With patients of the upper class it is hardly less needful, and requires far more tact, delicacy, and courage for its exercise. If all were known, there have been not a few conversions from heresy as well as those from indifference and sin, wrought by the ministrations of a "nursing sister"; and even those who seem to reap but little benefit from the spiritual side of their ministration, are loud in praise of its temporal advantages.

The second patient whom Sister Gabrielle had been called to tend was a big, light-hearted, muscular young Englishman who, when his time of convalescence began, seemed to live in a perpetual state of half-amused annoyance at the untoward illness which, for the first time in his cheery, irresponsible life, had come upon him. "Queer, isn't it? to feel so weak," he would ejaculate, lifting a feeble hand and arm into the air and pinching its softened muscles amazedly. "How much longer is this sort of thing going to last?"

"Oh! you will soon be sitting up by the fire if you go on as you are doing," the sister would assure him.

"Yes, and then begin to crawl out-of-doors, wrapped up in shawls, like all the rest of the poor creatures Minnie and I used to laugh at!" he continued. "The idea of my being laid by the heels in this wretched place, where three-quarters of the people are consumptives, and the fourth Monte Carloites!"

"What, do you mean gamblers?" ejaculated Sister Gabrielle with awe. "Are there any of *those* here? Not in this hotel, surely?"

"Well—I should think you might tell that better than most!"

"I?"

"Considering that you have been nursing one of them—have you not?"

"You don't mean—" and then all at once a light broke upon her bewildered brain, and she understood the meaning of her perplexities.

"That lady opposite, whom you nursed; she is one of the regular old stagers—frequenters of 'the tables,' you know."

"I did not know it. How did you?"

"They told me down-stairs—the landlord, I think. I declare I should like to make her acquaintance, and get her to teach me the ins and outs of these wonderful 'systems' they talk so

much about. Don't seem to have done much for her, though, do they? I heard she was just about cleaned out!"

"I am afraid she is," answered Sister Gabrielle, gravely. And her thoughts went off again to the problem which was exercising them night and day: how to help that soul which lay at her door, as it were, in sore need of rescue.

"Can you spare me for half an hour, do you think, to go into the town?" she asked of her patient.

"Oh, dear, yes! by all means, nurse. And you might get me some papers at the same time."

So she hurried off; for a thought had come to her of the way to continue her apostolate of souls. Her destination was a well-stocked "librairie," or book-shop, which she had noticed once before, as announcing itself to speak English and provide the newest English books.

"Do you sell rosaries?" she asked them; but they only stared in perplexity, and showed her a variety of objects, from penholders to artificial flowers.

"Rosaries—'chaplets,'" she insisted, and could not show them her own, because she had left it on Marion Falconer's lap.

"*Madame demande un chaplet,*" explained the shop-boy, retiring to giggle with his confrère at the back of the counter.

"No, we do not sell '*des objets religieux,*'" explained the master, coming forward.

"Where can I find some?"

"*Ma foi! je ne sais pas.* Perhaps up in the old town—not here."

No, not there. Not where the *English church*, with its parsonage and garden; English-speaking shops which 'closed on Sundays,' and held notices of every variety of Protestant service; where the English influence and English religion were paramount, and Catholicism a thing of the people, a superstition of the aborigines, to be sneered at like Hinduism in India, and its attributes kept well out of sight.

So she left the fashionable quarter—the Mentone as it is known to the world of to-day—and toiled up a steep little dingy street in the vicinity of the parish church, where, after some difficulty, in an odd little shop, which sold wools and gloves and a few fly-blown old religious pictures, she succeeded in finding the object of her search.

"I am later out than I expected to be," she explained as she made her reappearance, rather breathless and tired, in her patient's room. "I could not find what I wanted except in



the old town. And now, when I have made you comfortable, may I leave you again for a few minutes?"

And soon she was knocking at the door of Miss Falconer's room.

By this time, it should be said, Marion Falconer had sufficiently recovered strength to be able to put on her walking things each morning, and creep slowly down-stairs and out into the bright, warm sunshine. Sister Gabrielle had managed to disinfect her room, and she was only deterred from taking her place with the rest of the world down-stairs by the dread of receiving her sentence of dismissal from the landlord. So that on this still, warm and sunny afternoon Sister Gabrielle was not surprised to find her standing before the tall gilt mirror over the mantel-piece arranging her bonnet and veil to go out.

"I have come to redeem my rosary—by bringing you another," said the nun, smiling brightly as she entered; "you will not mind my giving you one, will you? For as I have not seen one among your possessions I fancy you must have lost yours."

"I have indeed lost it—many years since," replied Miss Falconer, with a wan little smile, as she turned from the glass and took the sister's two outstretched hands in hers with a sort of grave tenderness with which she now always received her. "You are very good to think of it—and of me, as you do."

"It is a poor, commonplace little one," said the former speaker; "only for your use until you have a better one." And she placed a small red rosary in the other's palm.

"*Red! Rouge gagne!*" exclaimed Miss Falconer, almost gaily, as she took it. "Is it an omen—may I take it so, I wonder?" Then, seeing the shocked look on Sister Gabrielle's face: "Oh! I horrify you, I know, dear sister. I cannot help it; all my thoughts turn one way! Will it please you better if I tell you that I actually used your rosary last night?"

"Yes indeed, I *am* glad. But do not let me keep you now; you are going out."

A shade fell over the transient brightness of Marion Falconer's face as these words recalled her to herself. "Yes, I am going out," she said, "and you will not like to hear where!"

"Tell me."

"In the first place, the sentence has been pronounced; the landlord informed me this morning that I must leave to-morrow."

"Oh!" gasped Sister Gabrielle, "what will you do?"

"I am going to try one last chance—one last throw for fortune."

"What do you mean?"

"Listen. I pawned my watch this morning, and got this for it," showing some gold-pieces in her worn, shabby purse. "With this I am going, *for the last time*, to Monte Carlo."

"Oh, *don't!*" broke in her listener.

"I shall stake it all—in a way that will double, treble itself, if it wins; and if I win I promise you I will play no more; yes, I know that is what you are asking me. I shall have enough then to support myself for a few days while gaining more strength to seek employment."

"And if you lose?"

"Then . . . don't ask!" she answered abruptly.

"But—but why not live for those few days on what you have there?"

"Because I must, must, *must* have one throw more! I cannot help it, the madness of it is upon me; you cannot understand the irresistibility of the temptation."

"I am afraid you are resisting grace," said Sister Gabrielle sadly.

"Don't say that, but wish me good luck! There! Good-by—and—and, pray for me!" She bent down and kissed the cheek of her new-found friend, and taking up the long-handled sunshade, with which she supported her still somewhat uncertain footsteps, she quitted the room. Sister Gabrielle took up her own large rosary, which lay upon the table near, and knelt down to say a portion of it "for that soul which is in danger of losing grace," as she whispered, before she left, with slow and saddened steps, that dull and cheerless room.

---

#### CHAPTER V.

It was somewhat early on the following morning—perhaps about eight o'clock or so—that Sister Gabrielle, coming for a moment out into the corridor into which all the rooms opened, found herself face to face with, almost knocking against, in fact, a little group of men who were entering the room in front of her, No. 27. "Why, that is Miss Falconer's room," she thought; "surely that unfeeling landlord has not turned her out already!"

In another moment the identical individual himself appeared, his usually smiling appearance having given place to one of grave concern; and, without noticing the looker-on, he passed her and went after the others into the room. A vague feeling

of uneasy surprise drew Sister Gabrielle to linger just within the doorway of the room she had quitted and now re-entered, with some faint idea of catching and interpellating the landlord at his exit. Presently they came out, talking low, and still not observing her; and she heard M. Grosjean address the foremost gentleman, a quiet-looking, elderly Englishman, as "Monsieur le Consul." Presently, much to her surprise, she saw them close and lock the door, and a young man, who acted as the consul's aide or secretary, proceeded to affix seals to it in a very business-like manner, while his superior slowly paced up and down the corridor conversing in a low voice with the landlord. When the official seals were duly affixed they departed, and silence again reigned throughout the place.

Sister Gabrielle went back into the room and rang the bell once, twice, for the *femme de chambre*; then came outside to avoid speaking in the invalid's room.

"Did you ring for hot water? Here it is, *ma sœur!*" said the lively chambermaid, whose services had considerably improved in attentiveness since Sister Gabrielle had begun to require them on behalf of a rich Englishman instead of a lonely and impecunious "*demoiselle.*"

"What does that mean?" whispered the nun, pointing to the sealed-up door.

"Ah, yes! It is dreadful, is it not?"

"I do not know; . . . what is it? What has happened?" almost gasped her listener.

"*Quoi, vous ne savez pas?* She is dead, that lady who was there."

"Dead?"

The girl nodded. "Some accident, I do not know what it was rightly. Some say, indeed, that she destroyed herself. Anyhow she was to have left to-day, and now—*voilà!* . . . Are you ready for the coffee yet?"

"Yes—no—I mean yes, bring it," said Sister Gabrielle confusedly, her eyes still fixed upon the two great splotches of red wax, stamped with the English arms, which seemed to grow larger and larger before her eyes. And then she had to control herself and go in and attend upon her invalid, who was very vivacious, and talked of going for a drive, and getting disinfected, and casting aside this horrid old fever. And then, for the first time, she found herself hailing with positive pleasure the doctor's well-known tap at the door, listened patiently to the scraps of chat and questions of news with which the

patient plied him, as the only representative of the outside world whom he could at present reach, and followed him as sedately, to all outward appearance, from the room as on any other occasion.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, as on closing the door behind him he caught sight of the red seals opposite, "that is the room, is it? Sad business, eh?"

"Tell me what it is, please; I do not quite understand what has happened. Have you heard it all?"

"Just met the consul as I was coming up here, and he told me. Some lady, one of those regular Monte Carlo people who come to stay here and go up every day to 'the tables'."

"To—to gamble, you mean?"

"Yes, yes, *roulette* and *rouge et noir*, and so forth, you know. The sort of people who go in for it as a profession, a means of livelihood, you know."

"Yes—well?"

"Well, this person it appears used to go up there every day (only she had been ill lately and had not gone), and yesterday evening, as she was returning home, on arriving at the station and alighting from the train she—well they don't know whether accidentally or on purpose, but at all events she got entangled as the train was moving on—and killed."

An exclamation of horror broke, involuntary, from the lips of the nun. The doctor suddenly turned and faced her.

"Why—why—wasn't that the very woman you were nursing before you took my patient—the first case, from whom he was supposed to have caught the fever?"

She nodded, unable for a moment to speak.

"Then, bless my soul! you'll be wanted at the inquest most likely. They are trying in vain to find out anything about her—who she was—her relatives, friends, anything. I must remind the consul!"

"Oh, pray, pray don't!" breathed the nun, to whom the word "inquest" meant unutterable horrors.

"But you must, you know!" he persisted. "I suppose you know all about her?"

"Indeed I know nothing, nothing. Ask the landlord if I am not fully as ignorant as himself."

"Oh! well, excuse me, but that's not possible. You who were with her, night and day, for weeks . . . At all events, I shall tell the consul!" And, full of importance, he hurried away down the stairs, and she heard his footsteps die away in the distance.

An hour or two passed, and she went about her work as usual, with a sickening horror at her heart and a dreary longing to hear more of the tragedy which lay, as it were, at their door. Then a tap and a whispered summons came, and she found herself standing before M. Grosjean beside the still sealed door.

"You know what has happened?" he said to her very gravely. "Can you tell us anything about—her; anything which may be of use at the inquest?"

She shook her head. "You know that I never heard anything of her past or of her friends; you asked me that before."

"When did you see her last?"

"Yesterday."

"Morning or afternoon?"

"Afternoon. I went in to see her, and found her dressed to go out. She went while I was there."

"So you were almost the last person to speak to her, hereabouts at least. Well, how did she seem?"

"Much as usual. Perhaps rather brighter than usual."

"Did she tell you that I had given her notice to leave?"

"Yes."

"What did she say about it?"

"She said that she was going to 'try her luck' once more."

"And did she say what she would do if she lost?"

"No." Thankful indeed was Sister Gabrielle to be able to speak that "no." She knew what was the underlying thought in the questioner's mind, the scarcely defined dread in her own; and there rose up in her mind a wild desire to combat that suspicion.

"Well, you can tell me nothing more?" questioned M. Grosjean. "It is very perplexing. One does not know what to do. The consul has telegraphed to the lady who wrote once before—you remember? The only address we have."

"You . . . they will not want to question me—elsewhere, will they?"

"Oh, I suppose not, unless the consul wishes to see you."

"Do tell me, please"—she hesitated as to how to word her inquiry—"how do they think it happened?"

"They say that either she missed her footing and fell under the carriage, or—" he shrugged his shoulders with a significant gesture.

"She fell down, I am sure of it!" responded the nun eagerly; "you know she was still very, very weak from her illness; I have often seen her stumble in going upstairs."

"Ha! yes, that is true. I must tell them that! You see, it is very disagreeable for me; people saying that she was in despair—that—that I was hard upon her, in fact. I do not think so; do you? I really could not keep her for ever."

"No," said his hearer mechanically; and within herself she was thinking, "one cannot expect a hotel-keeper to be merciful; but what an awful, awful thing it would be to drive a fellow-creature to despair!"

"Monsieur Grosjean," she called softly after him as he was turning away, "one thing I should like to ask you."

*"À votre service, ma sœur?"*

"Where is—she?"

"The body, you mean? In a room near the station. It will be buried to-morrow."

"I should like to see her once more. Would it be possible?"

"Why—yes, I suppose so. I will write a line which you can present to the people of the house, and they will admit you. Come to my bureau down-stairs when you want it."

"Thank you."

She went in to her patient, who was tranquilly unconscious of the tragedy, and told him she was going out. Then, exchanging her indoor for an outdoor veil, she set forth duly furnished with an order for admittance from the landlord. It was a lovely morning, the sunlight sparkling on a thousand ripples over the sea, the clear blue headlands standing out distinct and fair along the coast, Bordighera and San Remo and all the Italian coast on the one hand, and on the other the white gleam of fair, foul, Circe-like Monte Carlo, like some vile, beautiful traitress, laughing beneath the warmth of the sun.

"What a beautiful world God has made, and how man has destroyed it!" she thought to herself, as we all have thought when we gaze on the loveliness of earth and sea and sky which men call "the Riviera." Even Sister Gabrielle—though she was a somewhat prosaic little soul—felt uplifted for a moment into a feeling of that delight in living, that contentment in the mere sense of existence, which so seldom visits the inhabitants of any duller clime, and which one pictures to one's self as the true keynote of human joy in the old Greek times. And this all-pervading beauty and entrancement of nature in early summer helped to bring a sharp, painful shock to her mind as she crossed the threshold of the darkened house indicated in her paper of directions, and knew herself in the presence of death.

"You knew the *povera donna*?" questioned the gaunt, black-

haired woman who guarded the death-chamber, and reached down with one hand a key from the wall above her, while the other arm supported a little swarthy "*bambino*" swaddled in rags.

"Yes, I knew her," answered the nun, gathering, though imperfectly, the sense of the *patois* speech.

The woman turned the key and signed to her to enter the room beyond, where, on a humble bed, lay a shrouded form. Yes, it was Marion Falconer. The sad, dark eyes which she had watched so often turning in hopeless longing towards the light were closed now, in everlasting rest. The poor, thin hands were folded peacefully upon her breast, and as Sister Gabrielle laid her own warm one upon them she started, for there beneath her touch, twined tightly among the stiff fingers, was the little red rosary she had given.

"Yes," nodded the woman, noticing her start of surprise, "it is a chaplet. It was found clasped in her hands when she died, and I placed it there. One would have thought she had been a Catholic, would not one? Only it is not so, of course, for she was an *Inglese*, and they are not *Cristiani*."

"She was a Catholic," answered the nun, in her broken Italian. "You must tell them so." And then she knelt and prayed, with a strange, dream-like sense of sorrow and loss, for the soul whose earthly tenement she had so long tended, until the woman grew impatient at her stay, and she knew she must return to her own work. "*You* will no more come back to that dull room, to sadness and pain, and weary waiting and anxious fears," she whispered, leaning over the quiet dead form. "Do you know now how I prayed for you? I will still pray, all my life, for your soul; and—*God is very merciful*. Good-by, dear; good-by!" And she kissed the white, cold lips, and went back into the southern sunshine.

And this was all—all that Sister Gabrielle ever knew; for one's prayers are not always visibly answered in this world. And so it was that the tender-hearted little nun had never the consolation of learning (until, perchance, it was told her by angel voices in the hereafter) how the trembling footsteps *had*, even as she hoped, turned backwards like those of the Prodigal, to "arise and go to the Father," with a last plaintive appeal to Mary on her lips and in her heart as she clasped the little rosary, when the Divine Mercy, more merciful than its creatures, answered that appeal by a brief and all but painless death.

## HOLY WEEK IN SPAIN.

BY ALQUIEN.



WHO has not heard of the Holy Week ceremonies and processions of Seville?—the most gorgeous, the most extraordinary, the most interesting in the world! Formerly, before the usurpation of Rome by Victor Emmanuel, the Eternal City stood first, as is natural, not only with its Holy Week but with all its religious ceremonies; but since the dominions of the Holy Father have been wrested from him, and he is virtually a prisoner in his own capital, they have been discontinued, and Seville stands unrivalled in the Catholic world for the pomp and diversity of its Holy Week pageants.

Spain, although each day becoming better known, as each day she is taking a higher and more important place among the countries of Europe—thanks to the noble and wise policy of the late, deeply lamented King Alfonso XII.—and the years of peace and prosperity she enjoyed under him, and still enjoys under the regency of his virtuous widow, yet stands sufficiently out of the beaten track to be but comparatively little travelled even in these days of steamboats, express trains, Cook's tourists, and universal sight-seeing.

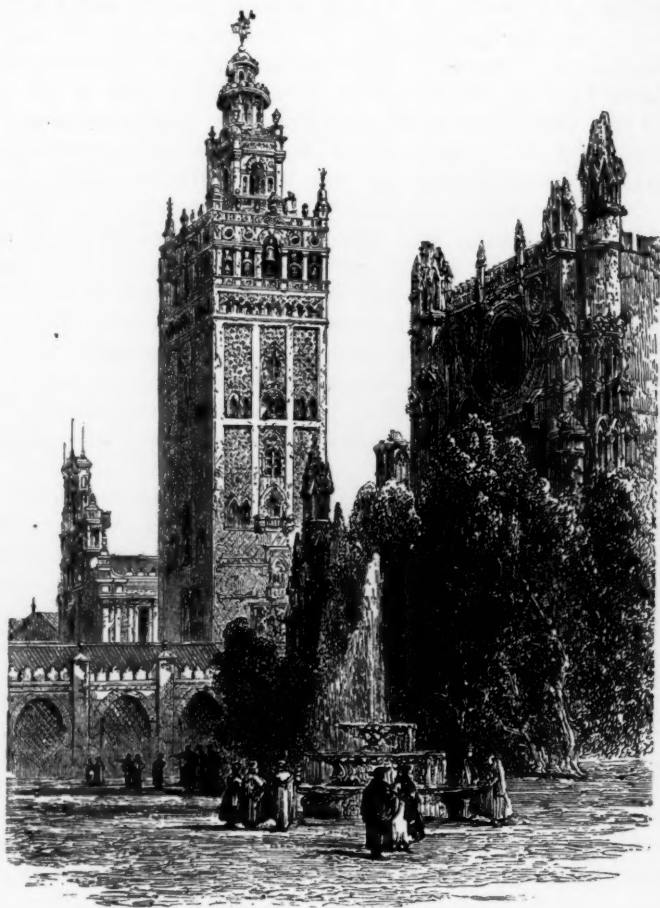
It may not come amiss, therefore, to those who have not had the opportunity of visiting the country and seeing the ceremonies for themselves (particularly now, when the eyes of all the world are fixed on the land which played so important a part in the discovery of Columbus), if I copy for their entertainment a few of the jottings from my journal in Spain relating to the celebration of Holy Week, both in Seville and Madrid. I give the precedence to Seville, having chanced to spend my first year in Spain there.

## PALM SUNDAY.

This afternoon the first of the processions took place. We had seats in one of the fine balconies of the *Ayuntamiento* (Town Hall), overlooking the Calle de San Francisco. All the balconies and windows were hung with colored velvets and stuffs, and filled with people waiting to see the pro-



cessions pass. Down below, too, a dense human mass surged backward and forward at both sides of the street, each small unit in the great whole struggling and pushing in frantic endeavor to get the best place in front. The long tiers of wooden



THE GIRALDA—A FAMOUS OLD ARABIAN TOWER IN SEVILLE.

benches and iron chairs, erected for the occasion and hired out at fancy prices for the week, were also packed as tightly as human ingenuity could devise.

It was past five o'clock before the first of the processions made its appearance. First walked two men dressed in white

robes, the long trains of which they carried over one arm, displaying white stockings up to the knees and buckled shoes. On their heads were high, peaked, sugar-loaf-shaped purple caps, with a flap or mask of purple silk falling over the face and completely concealing it, having only two holes for the eyes. In one hand they carried a long, lighted candle, in the other a white wand. These were the Nazarenos (Nazarenes), who came to clear the way for "Christ to pass."

When they reached the spot where the Queen Mother, Isabel II., was sitting, they bowed low, and asked her in a loud voice if "Jesus may pass." Her Majesty, having made a sign to signify "Yes," they turned back to desire the procession, which was waiting a short distance off, to proceed. They then returned with several other Nazarenes, some running, some walking, all clearing the way right and left with their wands. Behind them came an enormous gilt altar or stand, on which were the life-size figures of our Saviour bound to the pillar, and a Jew with uplifted scourge, surrounded by lighted wax candles in gilt candlesticks. The lower part of the altar was draped with black velvet, which concealed the thirty or forty men who were carrying it.

The Nazarenes tapped the altar with their wands, and it stopped opposite to the queen's balcony. After a few moments her Majesty made a sign for them to go on; the Nazarenes tapped again with their wands, and it was borne slowly away on the shoulders of its invisible bearers. After it marched from fifty to one hundred men dressed as Roman soldiers, in magnificent costumes; short tunics and cloaks, heavy with gold fringe and embroidery, long, white silk stockings and gold sandals. A military band, its members in similar attire, marched at their head, playing a requiem.

Then followed incense-bearers and clergy with crosses, banners, etc., each person carrying a lighted wax candle.

After an interval of about a quarter of an hour the next procession began to come in sight. It consisted of two *pasos* (as the images are called); one, our Lord before Herod; the other, the Blessed Virgin accompanied by St. John. Both these images are real works of art, being exquisitely carved in wood by the celebrated sculptor, Roldau; but they are disfigured, like all the statues in Spain, by being dressed in real velvets, silks, and laces. Our Lady's costume on this occasion was of black velvet, with a long train of the same, embroidered with angels in gold relief; a white coif like a nun's covered

her head. St. John was decked out in crimson and gold; our Saviour in a white robe, with a gold cord round the waist.

The custom of dressing the statues in Spain dates back for centuries. It was introduced by one of the first Christian kings and has been kept up religiously ever since by the people, who consider it the greatest mark of respect they can show them. So their want of taste must be forgiven in consideration of their faith and simple piety.

After these *pasos* came the usual Nazarenes (with white instead of purple caps), soldiers, Jews, high-priests, clergymen, crosses, banners, and incense as in the preceding procession.

During Holy Week each parish church sends out a procession consisting of one or more *pasos*, with accompanying Jews, Romans, and Nazarenes (who are members of the different charitable confraternities, and parishioners of that particular church), and each procession forms one entire scene or tableau of the whole Passion. The costumes, etc., often cost thousands. The parishes vie with each other as to which procession shall be most gorgeous and brilliant. All start from their parish churches, passing through the principal streets to the cathedral, where they end. They make one great mistake, to my mind, in the order of the processions. As they are sent out according to the precedence of each parish church, it often happens that, instead of beginning with the first stages of the Passion, going consecutively through them and ending with the Crucifixion and Burial, as they could so easily do, the effect is spoiled by some of the later scenes being represented before the former; the taking down from the Cross, for example, before the Prayer in the Garden, and so on. These processions being intended to place before the faithful, in the most vivid manner possible, during Holy Week, the sufferings endured by our Saviour in the various stages of his Passion, it would seem natural that the very secondary question of precedence should be put aside, and the parishes come to an understanding between themselves that the *pasos* should be sent out, not according to the antiquity of the church that owns them, but according to the order of the scenes which they represent. But the parishioners consider their dignity, or rather the dignity of their church and *pasos*, is involved in the matter, and absolutely refuse to give up the rights they have enjoyed from time immemorial.

On Monday and Tuesday there were no processions.

On Wednesday the ceremonies began at five o'clock A.M. in the cathedral and lasted till eleven. One of the most solemn

and beautiful sights I have ever seen took place there during High Mass—the Breaking of the Veil. As the priest pronounced the words of the Gospel, “And the veil of the Temple was rent in twain, from the top even to the bottom; and the earth quaked and the rocks were rent,” a roar of cannon shook the cathedral to its very foundation, and the white veil which hung from roof to floor at the back of the altar was torn down the centre from “the top even to the bottom.”

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! went the cannon overhead, from the wide cornice overlooking the dismantled, black-draped altar, shaking the church like veritable thunder; each flash lighting up the rows and rows of pillared arches and long, majestic aisles, always sombre and solemn, but doubly so today when, instead of the usual blaze of light from the innumerable lamps and candles of feast days, the darkness was made more perceptible by the three mournful-looking black candles that stood on the altar. The effect was startling—wonderful! The sudden explosion in the midst of profoundest silence; the momentary flood of light; then darkness denser than before, silence more profound from the contrast, to be followed by another flash and crash again and again, was almost terrifying. In the afternoon we again went to the *Ayuntamiento* to see several processions pass. They lasted from three o'clock till dark, and were so much like the Sunday's ones that they do not need description. There were three Crucifixion *pasos*, the Blessed Virgin again with St. John, and *Nuestra Señora de la Piedad* (Our Lady of Pity) surrounded by the other holy women. Behind each Crucifixion walked a man in a purple habit, with a rope round his waist, bare feet, and a mask on his face, carrying a ladder. The usual Nazarenes, soldiers, music, clergy, incense, etc., accompanied each procession.

As each *paso* went by a voice in the crowd sang a few bars of an extraordinary kind of Andalusian chant or lamentation (*saeta*), which had a most striking and plaintive effect. The singer, whoever he was, had a very powerful voice, which rose high above the murmuring of the crowd, and could be heard distinctly all round. After each couplet he stopped (in the Andalusian style), and a shrill female voice took up the chant and sang another couplet. This was to represent the women of Jerusalem lamenting over our Lord.

The day's ceremonies finished with the *Miserere* in the cathedral at ten o'clock at night. It was exquisitely sung, and most impressive.

## HOLY THURSDAY.

This morning up again betimes, and off to the cathedral. After High Mass the Blessed Sacrament was carried in state from the high altar to the sepulchre, or *monumento*, prepared for it. Cardinals, bishops, and priests accompanied it in solemn procession, as also Queen Isabel and the *infantas*, with white mantillas on their heads and carrying lighted candles in their hands.

The sepulchre, erected temporarily in the middle of the cathedral, was an immense structure of white and gold, reaching from floor to ceiling. It was composed of three stories, each of a different style of architecture—the first Doric, the second Ionic, and the third Corinthian. Each story was supported by sixteen pillars, four at each side, the four sides being exactly alike, with figures of the patriarchs all round. The figures at the top were, of course, of colossal size, the cathedral being so lofty. The great cross at the top touched the roof. In the lowest story was a magnificent solid silver tabernacle of the same shape and style as the *monumento*, with its three stories and its four sides alike, in the centre of which the Blessed Sacrament was deposited. Three hundred and thirty-six lamps hung round, which with the thousands of wax candles with which all available space in the three stories was filled, made the sepulchre one blaze of light, gold, and silver.

From the moment the Blessed Sacrament is placed in the sepulchre on Holy Thursday—here, as in Madrid—no carriages or vehicles of any kind are allowed to pass through the streets; the soldiers carry their arms reversed, as for a funeral; nor can they salute with them even the king. The flags are hoisted half-mast high, the trumpets are muffled, and the bells silenced—a great clapper being used instead—until the *Gloria* is sung on Holy Saturday.

All through the afternoon there were processions through the streets, much the same as those of the preceding days. The *pasos* were different, the same ones never being sent out twice during Holy Week; but there was nothing particularly remarkable about them to need description.

We were told that the most gorgeous and interesting of all the processions would take place at three o'clock in the morning; and we accordingly decided, in spite of our really hard labor of the days before, and all that we still would have to go through until Easter Sunday, to go to see it.

The streets through which we walked on our way to the *Ayuntamiento* were as crowded as if it were three o'clock in the afternoon instead of three A.M.

This procession is called the *Silenciosa*, every one in it keeping strict silence from the time it sets out until it finishes. Many of the nobles and grandees of Spain walk in it dressed as Nazarenes. As they wear masks over their faces nobody knows who they are, and they are most careful not to let themselves be recognized even by one another.

The *pasos* were splendid, and the costumes of the Roman soldiers of extraordinary magnificence. The heels of their boots and hilts of their swords were of gold, and their tunics embroidered in gold and precious stones.

#### GOOD FRIDAY.

To-day throughout Spain every one dresses in deep mourning. In the morning there were the offices and Mass of the Presanctified in the cathedral, and in the afternoon some very interesting processions, one of which, the *Santo Entierro*, I must describe.

After *pasos* of the crucifixion and taking down from the cross, came a superb mausoleum of solid silver gilt, containing a crystal case, through which could be seen Montaire's exquisitely carved figure of the dead Christ.

This was followed by a number of women dressed in black, with thick veils covering their faces, carrying lighted candles; a woman dressed in white, with a bandage over her eyes, to represent Faith; another as Veronica, with an open handkerchief in her hand, and her long hair falling to her feet and covering her face completely. These were people who came to fulfil an *ofrecimiento*, or vow, they made to obtain some favor, or in thanksgiving for one already granted.

Next came a guard of Roman soldiers; at their head a little boy mounted on a beautiful horse, which he sat splendidly, although he rode without stirrups. The horse was unshod on account of its being Good Friday. This was the Centurion. His dress was superb, his tunic and cloak literally blazing with precious stones. As he passed the queen his horse went down on its knees, as a royal salute, then rose and passed on. Soldiers followed, playing a requiem, with muffled trumpets and drums. Then came another *paso*, *Nuestra Señora de la Soledad* (Our Lady of Solitude), dressed in black velvet; her mantle, six or seven yards in length, was held up by four or five women,

dressed in black and with veils concealing their faces, who walked behind. Then bishops, priests, and acolytes with incense, crosses, and banners.

The queen and we of the royal party left our seats and, with candles in our hands, accompanied the procession until it reached the cathedral.

#### HOLY SATURDAY.

The Holy Week ceremonies finished this morning by the taking away of the black veil in the cathedral.

A long black veil hung from roof to floor, concealing the altar. All was dark and sombre; no lights, flowers, or ornaments relieved the gloom.

Suddenly, as the priest intoned the words *Gloria in excelsis Deo*, a volley of cannon thundered through the cathedral, and, as if by magic, the great black veil was drawn aside, and there stood the altar white and dazzling, one blaze of light, gold, and flowers, while a thousand sweet-toned silver bells were set ringing, the organ pealed forth a flood of harmony from its metal tubes, and the choir triumphantly sang "Glory be to God on high!"

#### HOLY WEEK IN MADRID.

Madrid celebrates her Holy Week ceremonies in quite a different manner from Seville.

There are no gorgeous pageants or processions through the streets, except the royal procession on Holy Thursday; everything is carried on inside the churches. All is devotional, stately, royal, as befitting the capital of Spain and the headquarters of "his most Catholic majesty."

The most interesting of all the ceremonies are those which take place in the Chapel Royal of the palace. The following pages from my journal were written during the Holy Week, April, 1885, when King Alfonso XII. was alive\* and assisted at them in state, with the queen and royal family.

#### PALM SUNDAY.

This morning there was what is called *capilla publica* in the Chapel Royal; which means that the king, queen, and royal family assist at Mass publicly and in state in the Chapel Royal, instead of privately in their tribune or oratory.

The ceremonies began at eleven o'clock. A few minutes before the hour the king and queen passed in procession through

\* King Alfonso died November 25, 1885.

the long gallery leading from their apartments to the chapel. In front walked one of the king's own servants; after him the *gentiles-hombres de casa y boca*, the *mayor domos de semana*—so called because each one is a week at a time on duty at the palace—and the *grandees of Spain*. Then came the king, queen, and *infantas*. The king wore his gala uniform of captain-general, with the orders of the Golden Fleece, the collar of Charles III., and Grand Cross of San Fernando. The queen and *infantas* were richly dressed, and wore white mantillas. Immediately after them came the *camarera*—mistress of the robes in England—the *mayor domo mayor* (lord high chamberlain), *damas* and chamberlains in attendance, *aides-de-camp*, and the colonels of the halberdiers and horse guards to-day "on guard" at the palace. Last of all came the band of the halberdiers, playing a march. The gallery was hung with splendid tapestry, and lined on both sides with halberdiers, dressed in snow-white breeches, black gaiters, and red-faced uniforms, with halberds presented as their majesties passed.

At the door of the chapel the royal *cortège* was met by the Cardinal-Archbishop of Toledo, the Patriarch of the Indies, and chaplains of honor. A raised *daïs*, with a crimson velvet canopy, richly embroidered with the royal crown and arms of Spain in gold relief, stood a little below the altar, at the left. On it were two arm-chairs, or thrones, covered in crimson and gold like the canopy, for the king and queen; and a little to one side, facing the altar, two cushions for them to kneel upon. On the right of the *daïs* were chairs for the king's sisters, the *infantas*, and two rows of velvet-covered benches for the *camarera*, *damas*, *grandees*, etc., etc. On the other side, facing the *daïs*, sat the *mayor domos de semana*, whose duty on this occasion was to serve the cruets, etc., during Mass. These functionaries only serve Mass when either a cardinal or a bishop officiates, which always is the case at *capillas publicas*. At each end of the bench upon which the *mayor domos* sat stood two halberdiers presenting arms. They were relieved by others every quarter of an hour. The Cardinal-Archbishop of Toledo and the Pope's nuncio sat nearer to the altar, in front of the *mayor domos*, and at the end of the chapel, facing the altar, a benchful of chaplains of honor, in their crimson silk robes and long trains. While the High Mass was being chanted, the Patriarch of the Indies stood at the foot of the *daïs*, and repeated aloud for their majesties the words of the ordinary. A chaplain of honor did the same for the *infantas*.



So far the ceremonial of to-day was the same as that usual at all *capillas publicas*. After this comes the part peculiar to Palm Sunday.

After the blessing of the palms, which took place before Mass began, the king and queen went up to the steps of the altar and received each a palm from the hands of the Cardinal-Archbishop of Toledo. When they had kissed his eminence's ring, and made a low reverence to the altar, they returned to their seats on the *daís*. Then two and two, the *infantas*, the ladies and gentlemen of the household already mentioned, and the chaplains of honor, all went up and received palms. The *infantas*, as well as the ladies in attendance, curtseyed low,



THE TORRE DEL ORO IN SEVILLE.

twice to the altar (coming and going) and each time they passed the king and queen. The poor ladies who have, of course, to curtsey to the *infantas* as well, find it no easy matter sometimes to achieve this feat gracefully; as between trying to manage their trains and the long palms, which are so flexible that they keep perpetually bobbing up and down in their hands, it is quite a *tour de force*.

The effect of these long, waving, golden palms during the procession, which took place after the first gospel, was splendid. The church seemed a moving forest of them. The cardinal-archbishop carried the Blessed Sacrament under a magnificent canopy, embroidered with gold and precious stones, the four gold poles of which were held by halberdiers, a guard of the same walking behind. After them came the Patriarch of the

Indies, cardinals, bishops, and officiating clergy, the nuncio, chaplains of honor, and acolytes with incense. Then the king, queen, infantas, ladies, gentlemen, *mayor domos*, and officers, all with long golden palms. It is impossible to give any idea of the brilliant effect of the procession as it went slowly down the church and out into the tapestry-hung gallery.

The mingling and blending together of so many colors and hues, the rich vestments, the gorgeous uniforms, the burnished halberds bristling in the midst of a forest of golden palms, was dazzlingly beautiful.

Having gone all round the gallery, the procession again entered the church and High Mass proceeded as usual.

#### HOLY THURSDAY.

To-day's ceremonials are the most interesting of all.

Of the *capilla publica* with which they began it is needless to speak, having already described one.

Immediately after High Mass was finished came the *lavatorio* in the grand *Sala de Columnas*, when the king washed the feet of twelve poor old men, and the queen those of twelve old women.

At two o'clock precisely their majesties and the infantas entered the Hall of Columns, accompanied by all the cardinals, bishops, and clergy who had assisted at the *capilla publica*, the grandees of Spain, *mayor domos*, chamberlains, ladies and gentlemen in attendance; the king in uniform of grand gala, with orders, crosses, and decorations; the queen in full dress, her long court train borne by her lord high chamberlain, a magnificent diadem of diamonds on her head and wearing a white mantilla. The infantas and ladies who accompanied them were also in full dress, with court trains, jewels and ornaments; the trains of their royal highnesses being borne by *mayor domos de semana*, while the ladies carried theirs over their left arms.

Round the hall several tribunes had been erected for the infantas, their suites, and the members of the *corps diplomatique* in Madrid, who are always invited to see this ceremony.

Down the centre of the hall were two raised platforms. On the one at the right sat the twelve old men in a row, dressed in a complete suit of new clothes given to them by the king. A long table, laid for twelve persons, stood at some distance. On the other side sat the twelve old women, also dressed in their new clothes, the gift of the queen, with their table laid before them. A little way off was an altar with a crucifix and

two lighted candles on it. Standing before it, the Patriarch of the Indies read aloud the words of the Gospel relating to the washing of the disciples' feet by our Lord. When he had finished reading, the lord high steward tied a little embroidered band, fringed with gold, round the king's waist, as a symbol of the towel which our Saviour girt about him, and his majesty, followed by the lord high steward carrying a gold basin and ewer, ascended the platform.

Then, kneeling down before each old man in turn, he poured a little of the water from the ewer over the feet, which he then wiped and kissed. At the other side the queen was performing the same office for the old women, in exactly the same way, attended by her *camarera mayor*. When the last foot was washed the king led the old men, one by one, to the table, and put them sitting at it; while the queen did the same with her old women.

Then their majesties served the twenty-four fortunate old mortals to a sumptuous fish dinner (it being Holy Thursday no meat was allowed), consisting of fifteen dishes and fifteen *entremets* for each one of the twenty-four. They were allowed to take the eatables away with them, as also the plates, dishes, knives, forks, spoons, glasses, and the loaf of bread and large flagon of wine which was given to each.

The grandees of Spain in attendance on the king, forming a chain, passed each dish from one to the other till it reached his majesty, who laid it down before its owner; then a servant, who waited at the other side of the hall, took it and packed it into one of the twenty-four large baskets prepared to receive it. The queen and her ladies did the same on the other side.

Considering the number of dishes that had to pass through their hands (1,400) their majesties got through their work in a wonderfully short time. By half-past three all was finished, the last dish packed up, and the old people sent home with their baskets and a purse each, with twelve gold-pieces in it. Many of them sell their baskets just as they are, before leaving the palace gates, preferring the money they get for them (an *onza*, about £3 15s.) to so many delicacies that they can neither understand nor appreciate. There are always more people to buy than baskets to be bought, as it is not every day one can have a dinner such as the king has, and dressed by his own cook.

Before finishing with the *lavatorio* I must relate a little anecdote illustrative of the well-known generosity of the queen

mother, Isabel II., which was told to me by one of her own ladies, who was present at the scene.

Years ago, when Queen Isabel was on the throne, one Holy Thursday, as she was washing one of the old women's feet, a magnificent diamond bracelet which she wore fell into the basin.

The old woman picked it up and gave it to her majesty, but the latter, with her characteristic large-heartedness, handed it back to the astonished old dame, saying, "Keep it, *hija mia*; it is your luck."

At four o'clock in the afternoon the great event of the day takes place, when the king and queen, accompanied by their entire court, go on foot, in state, through the streets of Madrid, to visit seven sepulchres or churches where the Blessed Sacrament is exposed. The same churches are visited every year—San Isidoro, Santa Maria, San Gines, Santiago, San Justo, La Incarnacion, and the Chapel Royal, which is always the last. Once the procession sets out, all the seven churches must be visited; it never turns back even if it begins to rain, as sometimes happens. If it rains before the hour fixed for the procession to start, then of course it does not take place; but once started, it makes the round of the churches despite the weather.

As the clock struck four the royal *cortège* walked down the grand staircase of the palace, between two lines of halberdiers, and out into the *Plaza de Armas*, where, as also all along the route by which they have to pass, the troops are formed at both sides. Fresh sand is laid down in the middle, so that the ladies' long-trained dresses and light shoes may not be soiled as they walk over it.

The windows and balconies are hung with colored velvets and cloths, and crowded with dark-eyed *Madrileñas*, with white mantilla and ever-fluttering fan. Down below the crowd is so great, at both sides of the streets, that the troops and *guardia civiles* have hard work to keep the centre clear for the procession. No wonder all Madrid is out-of-doors to-day, in her holiday attire. It is not every day such a sight can be seen.

As the stately procession slowly moves along, under the large arch which leads from the *Plaza de Armas* into the *Calle de Santiago*, one mass of light and color as far as the eye can reach, let me try to give an idea of the effect of the whole, by describing how it is formed and in what order.

First walk the kings-at-arms and heralds, the ushers, *gentiles-hombres*, *mayor domos de semana*, grandees of Spain, chamberlains,

and aides-de-camp not on service to-day, the chaplains of honor, monsignores, bishops, archbishops, cardinals, the Patriarch of the Indies, and the king and queen—her majesty's train borne, as in the *lavatorio*, by her *mayor domo mayor*. Behind the king and queen come the *infantas*, their trains borne by their *mayor domos*; and after them the ministers, the lord high steward, the *camareras*, *damas*, chamberlains, and aides-de-camp on service. A line of halberdiers, with halberds on their shoulders, walk at each side of the royal party, and their fine band marches behind playing a requiem.

As no carriages are allowed through the streets on Holy Thursday, the king's splendid state carriages, the finest in any European court, are absent from to-day's procession; but the royal stables, etc., are represented by the coachmen, postilions, outriders, and grooms, in their gala liveries and powdered wigs, who, with the master of the horse and the equerries at their head, close the procession. Six beautifully carved and painted antique sedan chairs are carried, ostensibly in case any of the royal party should get tired or ill, but really because they are objects of art, and add greatly to the beauty of the procession. The *escorta*, or royal escort of horse guards, ride behind, with their long, white-plumed helmets and their brilliant armor gleaming in the sun.

The effect of so many different uniforms and bright colors, the rich dresses of the ladies, their magnificent diamonds and other jewels, sparkling and shimmering as the sun's rays touch them (for the sun is shining up above in the perfectly cloudless blue sky on this April day as only it can shine in the sunny south), is wonderfully fine.

As each church is reached, those at the head of the procession wait at the door till their majesties, *infantas*, and ladies pass in; then all follow. They go out in the same order; and so on until the seven churches are visited.

#### GOOD FRIDAY.

Every Good Friday the king pardons some prisoners condemned to death.

The names of all under sentence are brought to him by the ministers some days before, when his majesty carefully goes through their different cases and selects those whose crimes are least aggravated.

The ceremony of pardoning them takes place in the *capilla publica*, during the Mass of the Presanctified, when the king

goes up to kiss the cross. The Cardinal-Archbishop of Toledo brings him a bundle of papers on which are the names of those he has decided to pardon, tied with black ribbon, asking him at the same time if he wishes to pardon them.

The king takes off the black ribbon, and, handing the papers back to the cardinal, answers in a loud, clear voice that can be heard distinctly through the whole church: "I forgive them, as I hope God will forgive me."

Never did the young king look more noble and kingly than when he pronounced these words, which came straight from the depths of his kindly, generous heart.

During the afternoon, from twelve till three, the "seven words on the cross" are preached.

The Chapel Royal is so dark that on entering one can see literally nothing. After awhile, however, as the eyes become accustomed to the darkness, one begins to distinguish, far in the distance, the outlines of three life-sized crucified figures, our Saviour between the two thieves. The altar has been taken away, and nothing is to be seen but mountains and rocks behind the three mournful figures. After each "word" is preached the choir sings, to full orchestral accompaniment, Haydn's "Seven Words."

During the last, "Into thy hands I commend my spirit," there is a rolling as of thunder, and flashes as of lightning through the church.

On Easter Sunday there is a curious custom in the palace worth mentioning—the eating of the paschal lamb.

When the *capilla publica* is over, their majesties and infantas, accompanied by all who have assisted at it, go into one of the rooms, where a table is laid with a white cloth covered with flowers, in the centre of which stands a whole roast lamb. Plates of many-colored eggs, bread, and salt are placed here and there on the table, and a crucifix between two lighted candles. One of the chaplains of honor holds a missal, from which the Patriarch of the Indies reads a blessing over the lamb, eggs, bread, and salt. The servants then cut up the lamb, and their majesties and all present are helped to a small bit of it, which they eat standing. The rest of the lamb is always given to the halberdiers. It is their right from time immemorial.

## UNDER THE TI-TREES.

## A CONVERT'S STORY.



HE teacher sat in the quaint little school-house, with the hum of the children's voices in her ears and a vision of straight desks and parallel forms before her eyes, but she neither saw nor heard. The blackboard was opposite her, with its quotation from Longfellow's "Psalm of Life" written with white chalk in a round hand; the modulator and its hieroglyphics stared her in the face; there were the customary school works of art—marvellous samples of black and white—hung on the wooden walls, and the daily routine went on as usual. But the children knew that the school-mistress was dreaming through her mechanical task; some of the younger and more mischievous were taking advantage of her listlessness; an older one, who had buried a little sister last year, said: "Hush!—her heart is down among the ti-trees."

She did not hear. Nothing reached her save the rustle of the wind through the sedges, and that was carrying her back to the days when a tiny voice used to whisper "Mother." When the children left—those other children who called some one else mother—she roused herself, conscious of relief with the unwonted stillness, and crossed over to the high window. The blackboard met her glance as she moved, and the words "Life is but an empty dream" struck her. "Empty dream!" she moaned, standing with drooping hands by the window, "yes, all an empty dream—a bitter dream down there among the sedges."

And the wind sighed among the reeds, bearing along with it an aromatic perfume like that of the old English black currant; a flock of white cockatoos floated and screamed over the distant range; the mocking laugh of the kokaburra pealed from the trees near by; and, down below, the creek was murmuring its little tale to the sedges and maiden-hair.

She had thought it a lovely scene the first time she gazed on it, just three years ago that very day. Time was, indeed, when the notion of spending her life in such a dull nook would have appalled her; but life changes us all, and she saw rest and peace

in this characteristic Australian valley, with its grazing cattle and its fields of golden maize shut in by precipitous, rocky yet wooded hills. Rest and peace for herself, and a happy home for little Willie.

They had been gentle and kind, these homely valley people, though they sometimes glanced curiously at her and her baby boy. None asked for the explanation that she never volunteered. It was enough for them that the low-voiced school-mistress had a sad face and was a devoted mother, though looking but a girl herself. They were all human enough to detect a history lurking in the soft, dark eyes, and to decide privately among themselves that Willie's father, whether alive or dead, was a ne'er-do-well. The teacher never spoke of him, perhaps had folded his memory away with her girlish visions of happiness; he was only a name now—only "little Willie's father," and little Willie was her world.

The few men of that thinly populated valley seemed to realize this. In their freest moments there was never any joking about the quiet little teacher—winsome though she was and "too good for the place," as they averred. "Little madam" stood on a higher level, and made them feel sheepish. But little Willie was the pet of the valley, and not a man in it but would have risked his life to save mother or son.

So life had run on placidly and monotonously till that race day when the champion rider of the valley, dashing past to be in at the fun, pulled up suddenly in front of the school-house to watch the children filing out, while the sunshine fell on the fair hair and black dress of their teacher. She glanced up with interest, guessing him to be the hero of the hour; he gazed back gravely, with a sense of old memories dimly stirring within him. For the "Rider" had not always been a rough bushman; his childhood had been spent with people of culture and refinement in the old country, and something about this simply dressed woman recalled associations that had been cast aside in a wild youth. The Rider was unprecedentedly thoughtful all that day, and was considered quite mean in the matter of "shouting," which had hitherto been one of his most attractive points. A week later he exhibited still more extraordinary symptoms: he was to be seen one morning walking through the orange plantation up to Mrs. Sims's cottage, where the school-mistress lodged, and there he deliberately inquired for a room.

Mrs. Sims's breath was taken away; when recovered, she used it with withering effect "as how 'tis but one spare room"



I have, and that's little madam's; and more betoken we don't drink round this way, and the hotel's the better place for you."

To which the Rider responded meekly that he had lost his old thirst, and wanted to talk farming with Mr. Sims; and if the good mistress had no objection, he would make free to spend a night or two in the corn-shed—'twas fine weather.

Mrs. Sims was silent with amazement, till the sudden sight of toddling Willie brought a dark flush to the Rider's cheek; then her woman's wit divined the truth, but she hesitated and glanced at her guest.

"Are you sure it's all right—about—well, about his father? You know we never heard aught—or asked aught—"

"Tut," interrupted the Rider; "blank the father! 'Tis the mother I want to win. You'll say a kind word for me, Mrs. Sims? I've been wild enough, God knows, but a woman like that could make anything she liked of me if she loved me; I've had no such chance before. You'll say the word?"

Mrs. Sims debated; she was reckoned prudent and worldly-wise, but contact with the school-mistress had brought out the slumbering spiritual side of her bush-woman's nature and the Rider's words touched her; true enough he had had no such chance before, the chance of a sweet woman's purifying influence, and there was no saying what it might do for him. Heaven knew he had sown enough wild oats to settle down upon for life, and his selection might be made the finest in the district if he chose, and there was little madam too, who would be none the worse for a good home and a protector; so at last she spoke:

"I'm thinking there's one might say a better word than mine; she dotes on Sonnie there."

From that moment little Willie's staunchest friend was the bearded, rough-handed Rider. "Sonnie" revelled in city toys, rode on the backs of mighty steeds, went to market a-cock-horse on a pair of broad shoulders, and clutched the oars of the Rider's gray-and-red boat. Small wonder then if Willie's mother took kindly to the boy's chum, whose ways sometimes reminded her of the city manners she had once dearly prized; and at last it became understood all over the valley that the wild Rider was wearing the curb, and that the school-house would soon lose madam.

It was all so sweet to her, to this girl for whom life had seemed to lose its illusions, who was living in a child's future at an age when others live in a rosy dreamland. So sweet to be wooed and watched over by one who would care for the

boy too; so sweet to note the Rider trying painfully to divest himself of his acquired bush ways, and know that this was done for her; so sweet to wander down by the creek, or in the unnatural moist stillness of the ti-trees, and listen to the tender words of which her young life had been empty; so sweet that perhaps—well, little Willie was not less dear than before, but he was no longer her all.

And one fair autumn eve they three had wandered down to the creek, down where the maiden-hair hung in pale-green masses over the reflecting water; the hum of the locusts was in the air, a kingfisher flashed across the rushes, a faint sound reached them from among the ti-trees as the echo of a passing bell. At last little madam's voice broke the silence:

"I must go on; I have a message to give for Mrs. Sims."

"Let Sonnie go," said the Rider; "he knows his way about."

"'Es, moder," lisped the child, "'et me do 'ike a big boy."

She demurred with a mother's tremors.

"The child's safe enough," urged her lover; then he added in a whisper: "we are never really alone, darling."

She gave in at that; with one last kiss the boy sped away, and the mother listened to the Rider's love-tones, which the sedges caught up in rustling whispers. How beautiful life was, with the evening's hush and the morrow's hope upon it!

Suddenly the mother's heart stood still: "Hush! what was that?"

The Rider laughed: "The crows, my girl; 'tis their hour."

She shook her head: "No, something has happened; I heard or felt something. Oh! if the child—Willie? little Willie?"

She had bounded away with that cry, rushed through the adjoining paddock as fast as her beating heart and failing limbs could carry her, and there—yes, there, by the fence, was her darling, pale, senseless, a great bruise on his sweet forehead, and the Rider's favorite mare standing close by!

She had him buried down among the ti-trees. She was sorry afterwards to have laid him in so sad and sunless a spot; but at the time the oppressive gloom harmonized with her own misery; the cry of the bell-bird seemed to her like a church's chime near her darling, and she knew of a spot close by where she could gather golden immortelles to lay on the tiny mound.

So they left him beneath the ti-trees where the wild doves gather.

When she came back, with her set white face in its black

frame, good Mrs. Sims took the shrinking, girlish figure into her big, motherly arms and burst out crying for sheer sympathy: "My poor dear, my poor dear!" she sobbed, "don't take on like this; you've been the best mother that ever was, that we'll all say, and what has to be has to be, my dearie, and fretting won't mend it; and 'tis for the best, sure, sure, and mayhap you'll see it by-and-by."

"For the best!" broke passionately from the pale, stiff lips; "my darling's murder for the best!"

"Eh, my poor dearie, who knows?—he might have come between your happiness—another man's child, you know—I've seen it myself. But there; here's one that can talk to you better than I, and comfort you too in time . . . it takes time, dearie—and—and—I'll just leave you together."

Then, for the first time, little madam noticed the Rider standing beside her, and felt his strong arm about her; she turned, bewildered.

"What did Mrs. Sims mean?" she wailed.

"My poor girl, my poor darling! she put things badly. Of course that could never be—dear little Sonnie could never have come between; but now you see he has brought us closer than ever."

"Sonnie! my Willie?"

"Yes, sweetheart; I loved him dearly, and he has left you to me . . ."

She pushed him away and stood like a stone: "He has come between us! Surely you understand?"

". . . Margaret!"

"He has come between us for ever. I sent him to his death while I stayed with you—your mare killed him; do you think I can forget?"

"My girl, my own girl, this is madness! It was an accident—his own father might have caused it in the same way."

"His own father? A brute who never cared for mother or child? Yes! But you—you—I forgot the child for your sake; we murdered him between us. . . . Go!"

"Margaret, will you murder me too? Has your sorrow killed your love—this sorrow that binds us closer, that makes you dearer than ever? I will not believe it; don't ask me to give you up—you, my one life's blessing!"

"Go—I think I am dead. I feel nothing, see nothing but my boy's face; . . . my darling, killed by me—by you. Go!"

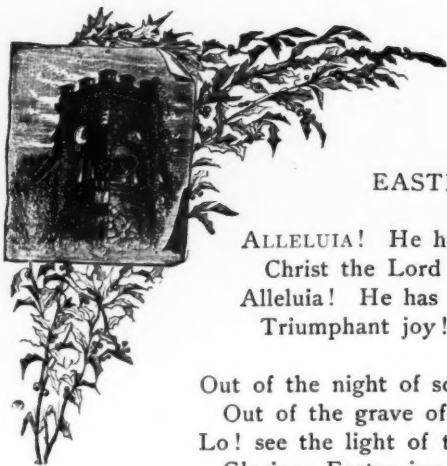
After that she knew nothing for days. When she grew strong again, able to renew school duties, they told her she had been light-headed with fever, and that the Rider was going mad with the drink.

And all this was what she was thinking of that summer afternoon as she stood at the open window. At last, growing restless, she put on her hat and wandered down to the ti-trees. Yes, there it was among the ferns and mosses and lurid red lichen of the morass, the tiny mound that was the one sacred spot on earth for her; the yellow immortelles she so often renewed were smiling brightly beside a bunch of faded maiden-hair and flannel-flowers, while the church chime of the bell-bird rang through the overhanging gloom. In the far distance sounded the heavy thud of horse's hoofs.

And this was all life held for her.

Back to the school-house, wearily remembering some neglected duty—back to the dreary forms and desks that show up shadowy in the twilight. Was life to be all forms and desks till she reached that rest under the ti-trees? She strikes a light, and it falls on the dismal regulations hanging on the dull walls—the instructions to visitors, to teachers, to parents, the everything-by-rule system of her halting, dragging lot. Suddenly she falls on her knees, and, with streaming eyes uplifted to heaven and hands raised in supplication, she wails: "O holy Mother of God, help me! Thou who hast known all sorrow, be a mother to thy sinful child; intercede for me, for there is naught but stubbornness in my heart, and bitterness against the will of my Heavenly Father! Blessed Virgin! the child was my all; the light of my existence, a very part and parcel of my being; what is there for me to live for now?" . . . The blackboard comes within her range of vision, and then, lit up by the dazzling rays of the full moon, she sees the heaven-sent message: "The grave is not the goal. Let the dead past bury its dead." She bows her head and murmurs, "Thy will be done." Awestruck, she gazes on the heaven-sent message, and heeds not a form which silently enters the room and kneels at her side. "Margaret," whispers a voice, "thy God shall be my God. Wilt thou not save my soul from perdition?"

Silently she puts her hand in his, and from the ti-tree morass comes the knell of the bell-bird.



## EASTER CAROL.

ALLELUIA! He has risen,  
 Christ the Lord and Christ our King!  
 Alleluia! He has risen;  
 Triumphant joy! 'Tis so we sing.

Out of the night of sorrow He cometh,  
 Out of the grave of silence and woe.  
 Lo! see the light of the day as it dawneth—  
 Glorious Easter joy doth bestow.

Alleluia! He has risen,  
 Christ the Lord and Christ our King!  
 Alleluia! He has risen;  
 Triumphant joy! 'Tis so we sing.

HENRY H. NEVILLE.

*New York.*



SULPICIAN CHURCH AND SEMINARY AT OKA.

## A RETREAT AT LA TRAPPE.

BY W. L. SCOTT.



**O**N the picturesque shores of the River Ottawa, before it divides to embrace within its mighty arms the island of Montreal, there stands, nestling in among the Laurentian Hills, the Trappist Monastery of Notre Dame du Lac des Deux Montagnes. The nearest village is Oka, about three miles away, conspicuous from the river by its pretty church and seminary, monuments to the zeal of the good Sulpician fathers, and its Stations of the Cross, planted on the steep and rugged mountain-side by the early missionaries, and still visited yearly by thousands of pious French-Canadian pilgrims. Coming from Ontario, where everything is so new, one is impressed and even overawed by the antiquity of the Oka mission, with its parish register running regularly back for over two centuries, its silver statue of the Virgin and Child, presented to this very mission by Louis XIV. himself, and its numerous old French paintings, sent here for preservation from the vandals of the French Revolution. But at the monastery, where some twelve years ago all was in a state of nature, and where the present buildings are scarcely more than two years old, one is nevertheless carried back by the life one sees to an antiquity compared

with which the oldest records of the mission are but of yesterday—back for twelve hundred years before the first Sulpician grounded his canoe on the shore of the Ottawa; back far into the dawn of Christianity, into the beautiful ages of faith!

I had frequently heard of the monastery on the shores of the Lake of Two Mountains, and had formed a vague idea that a visit to it would be likely to prove interesting; but it was left for a chance journey of pleasure in the summer to bring this about.

August of that year found a party, of whom I was one, encamped on an island in the Ottawa not far from Oka, and a trip to the monastery was naturally looked forward to as one of the chief features of our visit. Accordingly, one beautiful summer morning we set out in our canoes, and after a paddle of five miles arrived at Oka village, where we easily obtained conveyances to carry us on to our destination. Arriving there we saw before us a long, narrow, two-storied wooden building standing in the centre of a very considerable vegetable garden,



IN THE NEW STONE MONASTERY ONE WING IS SET APART FOR GUESTS.

every part of which, even to the refuse-heap, was neatness itself; and where might be seen, here and there, a white or brown-robed figure patiently laboring at his silent task, but with a look of perfect peace and contentment shining from his countenance, such as is not often found outside the cloister.

We were received by the "guest-master," or monk charged with the reception and entertainment of visitors, and were by him shown over the building, our innumerable inquiries being answered with a patience and good-nature surprising when one remembers that the ordeal must be for him one of constant re-



THE WORKING-DRESS IS WHITE,  
WITH A BLACK SCAPULAR.

currence. For here let me say that hospitality is a traditional characteristic of the order, and one right royally carried out at the present day. Whether your visit extend for hours, days, or weeks you are most welcome, and the best that the monastery can afford is at your disposal. In the new stone monastery, of which I shall speak presently, one whole wing, called the hospice, is set apart for guests; and the first question asked by the porter is, "How long do you intend to stay?"—not, as one might suppose, in an inhospitable spirit, but with a view to the making of immediate preparations for your accommodation. Nor is the hospitality of the monks by any means confined to Catholics; all are indeed welcome; and I may mention that a well-known Anglican clergyman of extreme High-Church views, and himself somewhat of an ascetic, occasionally retires there for a week of prayer and mortification, and, not content with the ordinary rule prescribed for guests who are making a re-



treat, conforms rigorously during his stay to the severe rule of the Trappists themselves.

Probably the first thing that strikes one on entering the monastery is the bareness of the rooms and walls. If we except the rooms set apart for guests, which are comfortably furnished, there is scarcely even a chair or table to be seen, and not a picture, save that in the cloister there is a set of Stations of the Cross of the very simplest and plainest pattern. But even more striking still is the quaintness of everything one sees—the wooden latches to the doors, the wooden spoons and forks in the refectory, the carved wooden stalls in the little chapel, and, most picturesque of all, the enormous leather and brass-bound breviaries, with the lines of the chant nearly an inch wide, and some of them printed entirely by hand by means of stencil-plates.

As the old wooden monastery through which we were then shown has since, thanks to the untiring exertions of the monks, been replaced by a handsome stone structure more in keeping



THE TRAPPISTS ARE FARMERS, AND EXCELLENT FARMERS THEY ARE.

with the growing needs of the rapidly-increasing community, it will be more to the point to describe the latter than the former. The monastery when completed will form a hollow square enclosing a considerable courtyard, but at present only two of the sides and a portion of the third have been erected. Of

these the western wing forms the hospice already alluded to, while the central and eastern portions are occupied by the monks themselves. The remaining wing will be devoted to a handsome chapel, or rather church, when the funds at the disposal of the monastery will permit of its erection. Meanwhile a temporary chapel in the upper story of the east wing is used. The three great centres of monastic life within the building are the chapel, the cloister, and the chapter. The cloister, the study of the monks, is a long, narrow room or hallway running around the three sides of the building and looking out on the enclosed courtyard already referred to. The chapter, the official meeting-place of the community, is a square room forming a sort of annex to the chapel, and bare of furniture save for a wooden bench fixed around the walls, and a rough wooden throne or seat in the centre for the abbot.

At one side of the main building stand ample and extensive barns and stables devoted to the accommodation of the stock, of which the monks possess an exceedingly fine show, and to the storing of the produce of the farm. On the other side, turned by a picturesque little mountain stream, are grist and saw mills, for the community supply themselves with both flour and lumber. There are also creameries, cheese-presses, and wine-vats, besides other necessary outbuildings, the whole forming quite an imposing array. At the entrances to all the buildings are affixed notices to the effect that women will, under no circumstances, be admitted, this forming the one exception to the universal hospitality of the monks. From the enumeration of their outbuildings it will be evident that the Trappists are farmers, and support themselves by the sale of the produce of their farm. And excellent farmers they are. I have been told that in the time that they have been at Oka they have worked quite a change in the appearance of the whole country-side, not alone within the limits of their own demesne, but likewise in the farms of the habitants for miles around, who have adopted their methods and followed their example with most gratifying results. That their example is worthy of imitation will be evident from the merest glance at their neat and well-kept fields, their trim and regular stone fences, and the marked absence of waste and rubbish from about their premises, to say nothing of the excellence of their stock, and in fact of all the several products of their farm. The success they have met with will be the better appreciated when I say that twelve years ago they came to Oka, a party of ten without money or capital of

any kind. From the Sulpicians they obtained a free grant of about one thousand acres of land, but almost entirely uncultivated and even uncleared, and so rough as to make profitable cultivation appear little short of an impossibility. Charity brought them a few head of cattle, some seed and food for immediate use, and from this humble beginning they have grown to a community of some sixty souls, occupying a monastery which cost over eighty thousand dollars, having about five hundred acres cleared and under cultivation, over two hundred head of cattle, besides horses, sheep, pigs, and poultry, and employing during harvest-time about sixty or seventy hands in addition to the members of the community. They are, moreover, at present arranging for the establishment of an offshoot at Lake St. John, P. Q., where a considerable tract of land has been donated by the government.

Although our visit lasted only about an hour, it created in me so deep an impression that before it was over I had fully made up my mind to take the first opportunity of returning and spending a few days of quiet retreat in the holy solitude of La Trappe. What a beautiful thing is a retreat!—a time devoted exclusively to prayer, and to a careful examination of ourselves and of how we are progressing in the great business for which we were sent into the world. Yet to those who have never spent any time in a religious house the real beauty and value of a retreat must be largely unknown. Many of the secular confraternities, happily so common among us, hold annually what is called “a retreat,” but which is more properly a short “mission.” Incalculable, indeed, is the good brought about through the instrumentality of the mission; yet to my mind no mission, however eloquent the preacher, is capable of producing the lasting impression that is frequently the result of a retreat in a religious house. For in the latter case one is entirely cut off from home, business, friends, and daily avocations, and has, in short, for the time being severed every tie that binds him to the world. The advantage of such seclusion for the purpose of entering into one's self is obvious.

It was some months before time would permit of my carrying out my intention, but at length, in November, I wrote asking whether I could spend a few days at “Notre Dame du Lac.” The answer was not long in coming. “Our doors and our hearts,” they wrote, “stand open to receive you”; and so indeed I found it during the two retreats I have since had the happiness of making there, one in the old wooden monastery and

one a year later in the handsome stone building I have just described. And it is in the hope that some among my readers may be induced to share that happiness that I have essayed a description of my experiences.

Before, however, attempting to describe those days of holy quiet, let me say a few words respecting the order whose guest I was.

Many are the errors passing current even among well-informed Catholics regarding the life at La Trappe, and of these one, perhaps, of the commonest is the idea that the Trappist rule is a novelty, tolerated indeed by the church, but, owing to its extreme severity, refused the formal approval of the ecclesiastical authorities. Nothing could be further from the truth. The rule followed by the Trappists is the oldest of all rules—first both in time and excellence, the model of every religious legislator, the rule laid down for his followers by St. Benedict at Monte Casino nearly fourteen hundred years ago. The visitor to Oka, at the end of the nineteenth century, sees realized before his eyes the life of Saint Benedict and his companions at the beginning of the sixth. How vividly does this thought bring home to us the lasting good that, under the grace of God, one man may accomplish—Saint Benedict after fourteen centuries still living in his works! Who shall be able to calculate the extent of sanctity and self-mortification, of glory to God and peace to men, born of his rule during the long course of fourteen centuries?

For the benefit of those of my readers who may be unfamiliar with the history of monastic institutions, I may perhaps be here permitted a short historical digression. The monastic life, as is well known, is at least as old as Christianity, but for the first five centuries of the church such congregations of cenobites as existed were without fixed rules, were practically mere voluntary segregations of pious laymen, and were subject to very great fluctuations both in numbers and fervor. Saint Benedict, through the instrumentality of his famous "rule," drafted at Monte Casino, in Italy, in 529, wrought so radical a change in monastic institutions, and placed them on so firm and satisfactory a basis, as to deserve to be considered the founder of monasticism. But time too often dulls the first fervor of a religious community. Saint Robert, when, in 1098, he became Abbot of Molesme, found the Benedictines, excellent men it is true, but interpreting their rule in a milder sense and living a life much less mortified and austere than that of the companions

and immediate followers of Saint Benedict. He accordingly resolved to exert himself to renew the rigor and fervor of the rule as followed in the early days of the order, and with that end in view retired to the desert of Citeaux, and there founded the Cistercians, or Order of Citeaux. With this order the rule of Saint Benedict was retained without alteration or addition, but was interpreted in its original and strict sense. As, however, the decadence of the Benedictines had been largely due to the complete independence of each monastery, a new system of government was adopted by which all their monasteries were



IN THE CHAPEL.

united under one head, the Abbot of Citeaux, and were submitted to a system of mutual visitation. The dress also was changed from black to white, and devotion to the Mother of God was made a special feature of the new order, it being adopted as an invariable practice to dedicate every monastery to her honor. Under St. Robert and his immediate successors, St. Alberic and St. Stephen Harding, and especially under the great St. Bernard, the new order developed with such prodigious rapidity that at the death of the latter saint it numbered some five hundred monasteries, scattered over the whole of Europe. So great was the influence of St. Bernard on this de-

velopment that he may justly be looked upon as one of the founders of the order.

But all things human are subject to decay, and a day came when even the austere and saintly Cistercians had need of a reformer to recall them to their first fervor. The cause, however, which operated most powerfully in bringing about this decadence was one beyond the control of the monks—the system, namely, of the appointment of “abbots commendatory” by the temporal rulers of the state. Under the rules of the order an abbot is elected by the monks of the monastery over which he is to rule, and the election must then be confirmed by the pope; but with the increase in wealth of some of the monasteries the right of appointing the abbot was frequently usurped by the king, and the title conferred on some court favorite without any regard to his fitness for the office. The result may easily be imagined. Men were appointed who were priests only in name, and frequently not even that. Disorder reigned supreme, and the enforcement of the rule became impossible. Strange to say, the reformer came at length in the person of one of these very abbots commendatory. Armond-Jean le Bouthillier de Rancé, created in 1638, while yet in his fourteenth year, titular abbot of the Cistercian monastery of Notre Dame de la Maison-Dieu de la Trappe, after a youth spent in pleasure and debauchery, was at length converted, and in 1664 instituted a vigorous reform of the order. He restored the greater part of the primitive austerities in all their original rigor, and demonstrated by personal practice that the penitential life of the monks of the middle ages was no less suitable to and possible in modern times.

No summary, however brief, of the history of the Cistercians—or Trappists, as they are now more commonly called—would be complete without at least a passing reference to the preserver of the order during the trying times immediately following the French Revolution—Louis Henri de Lestrange, known in religion as Dom Augustin, Abbot of La Trappe. Expelled from France, the wanderings over Europe of the little band of Trappists, with Dom Augustin at their head, reads like a romance. But the sun at length came out from behind the clouds, and he lived to lead them back to France and to La Trappe, lived to see the order spread in a way that, considering the austerity of the life, is almost phenomenal.

De Rancé had departed somewhat from the Cistercian constitutions, and had introduced some slight changes in govern-

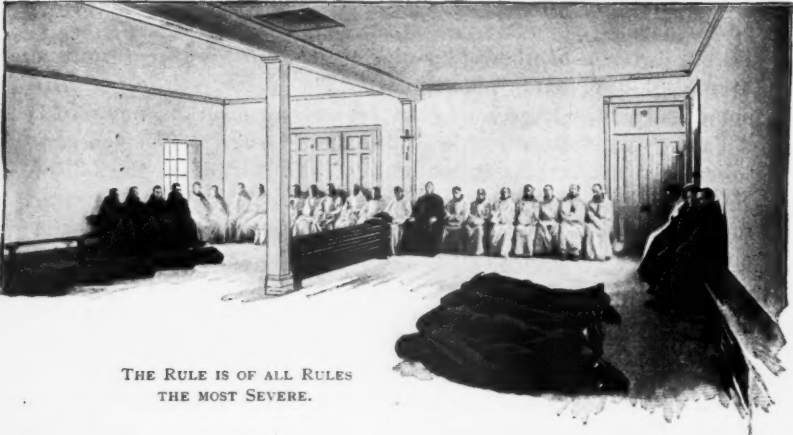
ment. Dom Augustin abandoned these and restored the constitutions in their entirety. The difference gave rise to two, or rather three, branches of the order, two of which followed the form of government laid down by De Rancé, and the third that of the Cistercian constitutions pure and simple. Happily our Holy Father, Leo XIII., now gloriously reigning, has brought about the fusion of these branches into one harmonious and powerful whole.

The growth of the order during the present century has been, as I have said, phenomenal. The nineteenth century is not usually considered an age of severe mortification, nor might it be thought that any rule of life could survive fourteen centuries and still retain its popularity. Yet, while at the fall of Napoleon the order was almost extinct, it has in the seventy succeeding years grown to a membership (including Trappist nuns) of over three thousand, living in some fifty-five abbeys and priories. The greater number of these are in France and Germany, but there are two in Ireland, two in England, two in Italy, one in Turkey, one in Algiers, two in the United States (Gethsemane, in Kentucky, and New Melleray, in Iowa), and two in Canada. These last are Little Clairvaux, at Tracadie in Nova Scotia, founded in 1814, and that at Oka. To these are shortly to be added two new foundations: that at Lake St. John already referred to, and one at St. Norbert in Manitoba, an offshoot from the Abbey of Bellefontaine in France.

But what is this "rule" so often referred to? Time will not permit of a lengthy description of it, but a short summary cannot prove otherwise than interesting. Probably the most striking feature of the life is the silence, which is absolute and perpetual. The idea of this is very beautiful. The voices of the monks are put to one use, and one only, that of prayer! How little need they fear that terrible account of "every idle word" that we shall all one day be called on to render.

There are, of course, some necessary exceptions to the rule of silence, but they are strictly limited. The abbot, prior, and sub-prior are allowed to speak and may be spoken to by all, but none of the monks may speak to each other; when some such communication becomes absolutely necessary, the two monks who require to speak go before one of the superiors and communicate the desired message through him. It might be thought that while at work in the fields or in the outbuildings the exchange of words connected with the work on hand would be a matter of constant necessity, but such is not the case. While

engaged in their labors the monks are grouped in parties of five or six, and one of their number is placed in temporary authority. He indeed may speak to the others whenever the nature of the work imperatively requires his doing so, but they cannot under any circumstances speak to him, even to ask him for directions.



THE RULE IS OF ALL RULES  
THE MOST SEVERE.

The officers of the monastery are permitted to speak to strangers in the course of their ordinary dealings with the outer world, and the guest-master is not only allowed to speak to the guests of the monastery, but is even obliged by the rule to make himself as entertaining to them as possible. But there are five places in the monastery—the dormitory, the refectory, the chapel, the cloister, and the chapter—where even the few exceptions I have enumerated do not prevail, and where the silence may not be broken even by those in authority, unless, of course, in a case of urgent necessity.

The time of the Trappist is divided between prayer, manual labor, study, and sleep. An hour, or even a moment, devoted to recreation is a thing entirely unknown to his calendar. I might add eating to the list, but he devotes so little time to that very necessary occupation as to make it hardly worth mentioning. His meals vary in number and time with the various seasons of the year. In summer, when his out-of-door work is of course the hardest, rising at two in the morning (as he does all the year round), he takes his first meal, which you may call as you please either breakfast or dinner, at half-past eleven; partaking at four of a light collation, consisting as a rule of a little dry



bread and water, though other articles of diet, such as fruit or vegetables, may occasionally be added, at the option of the abbot. From September 14 until Ash Wednesday he takes his first and only meal of the day at half-past two in the afternoon, when he has been up for twelve hours and a half. During Lent his fast is still more rigorous, his one meal being postponed until half-past four, when he has been up singing his office, working, studying, and praying for fourteen hours and a half. And yet we in the world, when indeed we fast at all and do not find a pretext for exemption, grumble at having to wait for our breakfast from seven or eight until twelve! I used particularly to pity the monk who was cook for the hospice, and was obliged to prepare breakfast for the guests at six, and dinner for them



THE VILLAGE CHURCH.

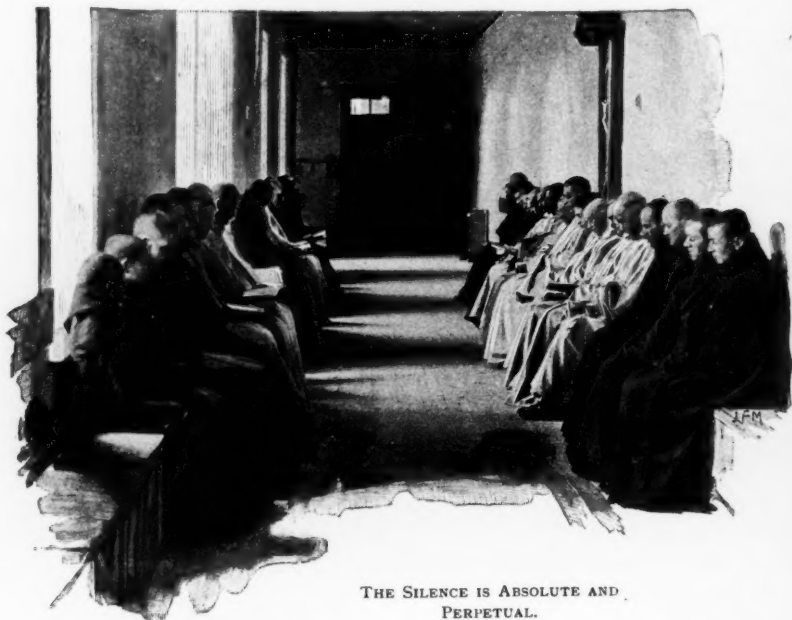
at half-past eleven, and had still several hours to wait before tasting food himself.

Nor is the fare of the Trappist, when his meal hour does come, calculated to tempt the palate of the fastidious. It is composed on alternate days of a thick soup or broth made of

vegetables of various kinds boiled in water, eked out with coarse dry bread, a little salt, and a cup of water; or of boiled rice and milk. Occasionally home-made cider is substituted for the water. Meat he never tastes, unless while in the infirmary; nor fish, butter, cheese, or eggs, although the last three are produced in plenty at the monastery. I can easily imagine the thoughts of some of my readers, who perhaps were beginning to think of a visit to Oka, at this recital; but let it not be imagined that the Trappists restrict their guests to their own meagre bill of fare. Meat they do not serve to any one in the monastery, unless he be an invalid; but amid the abundance of the *menu* I, for one, never missed it. Milk, butter, and eggs, such as one gets only in the country; excellent bread; vegetables of every variety and in every form; soup; stewed, fried, boiled, etc., etc., and really most tastily done. Most delicious boiled rice, cheese, fruit, both preserved and fresh, tea, cider—all find a place on the hospitable board which the Trappist lays for his guests. While in the monks' kitchen the sole aim seems to be to provide what will sustain life, the cook of the hospice has, on the other hand, apparently studied cooking as a fine art, and brought his studies to considerable perfection. I can therefore promise that visitors to Oka, whatever else they may do, will certainly not starve.

But to return to the daily life of the Trappists. The hours for the several offices, prayers, and works vary with the varying seasons and with the amount of work to be done on the farm; but I will do my best to give a general idea of a day at the monastery, choosing in preference the fall of the year, as that was the season when I made both of my visits. Two o'clock in the morning is, as I have said, the general hour for rising. On Sundays, however, when Matins are sung instead of being merely recited, they rise at one, and on special feasts, called "doubles," when the office is unusually long, they rise at midnight, and are then, it must be remembered, up for the day. As the monks sleep in the habit worn during the day, their toilet does not occupy much time, and at five minutes after the ringing of the bell for rising every monk is in his place in the chapel, ready to commence the office. And here let me say that this sleeping in their habits is one of their severest penances. The guest-master, who had been forty-six years in the order, told me that it was the only rule that he could never grow accustomed to. The Trappists, before each portion of the canonical office, recite the corresponding portion of the "Little Office of the Blessed Virgin," and their first duty on going to the chapel in

the morning is to recite the Matins and Lauds of the latter. This occupies half an hour, and is followed by half an hour of silent meditation. The monks are obliged by their rule to commit to memory the "Little Office," and also all portions of the canonical office of frequent recurrence, and to recite or sing them without lights. The chapel is, therefore, for the first hour in darkness, broken only by the flicker of the tiny flame that tells of the presence of Him to whom they speak. Nothing can be imagined so weird and at the same time so devotional and impressive as this



THE SILENCE IS ABSOLUTE AND  
PERPETUAL.

scene. The dim chapel, the altar-lamp serving only to accentuate the darkness; the ghostly white-robed figures, with their graceful folds of drapery scarcely visible in the surrounding gloom, and through it all the plaintive yet ardent voice of most devout supplication, combine to produce an impression not easily effaced. Even in the daylight the voices of the Trappists lifted up in prayer preach a sermon to the heart more eloquent and more effective for good than many a one decked out with brilliant thoughts and rounded periods. For while the recitation of the office is one of the Trappists' most ordinary duties, it never seems to become a matter of mere

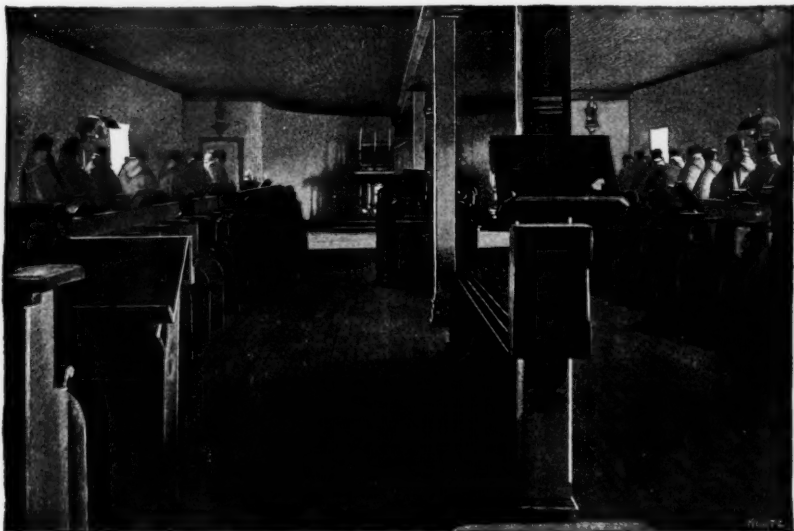
routine. There are sixteen distinct offices during the day, each of which begins with the words "Deus in adiutorium meum intende; Domine, ad adjuvandum me festina," and yet every time these words are uttered—very slowly, the monks standing, but with their bodies bent down to a horizontal position—they convey a depth of heartfelt supplication which is touching and edifying in the extreme.

The "Gloria Patri" at the end of each psalm is said or sung in the same manner, and with an air of humility and devotion well befitting the sacred words, but unfortunately not always found accompanying them in the world.

After the "Little Office" of Matins and Lauds and the half-hour of meditation, that is at three, two, or one o'clock, according to the day, the lamps are lighted and the canonical Matins are said or sung, and are followed by the Lauds, the whole lasting until four, when the monks separate, those of them who are priests to say Mass at the various altars, and the others to serve or assist, or else to attend to some other duty of the day. At half-past five all reassemble for the office of Prime, lasting about twenty minutes. At a quarter past seven Tierce is said, and is followed by the conventual Mass, at which the whole household assist. This is usually a low Mass; but in winter, when time will permit, grand High Mass is sung. During this Mass a custom prevails which struck me as very beautiful and devotional, and which I think might be followed with great profit in our parish churches. Immediately after the elevation the whole community bursts forth simultaneously, and as if instinctively, into the hymn "O salutaris Hostia," in joyous welcome of the Guest who has just descended upon the altar. At Masses in honor of the Blessed Virgin the "Ave Verum," and at Masses for the dead the "Pie Jesu Domine," are respectively substituted for the "O salutaris."

After Mass the manual labor of the day begins for the choir monks. The lay monks, who are exempt from attendance at most of the offices, have already begun theirs at three, after the morning meditation. During the summer months they are also exempt from attendance at the conventual Mass, and attend instead a Mass said at three for their especial benefit. All or most of the skilled labor about the monastery, such as butter-making, cheese-making, etc., as well as the exclusive care of the cattle and live stock, is entrusted to the lay monks, the choir monks reserving for themselves only the most ordinary labor. And this is shared in by all from the highest to the lowest. A friend of mine once

called to see the abbot and found him in the act of carrying a couple of pails of water to the cook. On one of my walks over the farm I came on five of the brethren filling in with clay a trench in which a water-pipe had been sunk; they were all choir monks, the party including the prior and other priests. Although it was then about one o'clock, and they must therefore have been up and fasting for nine hours, they seemed to be working with at least as much energy and effect as average laborers. At a quarter to twelve the monks again assemble in the chapel for the office of Sext and the Angelus, after which



AT TEN MINUTES PAST TWO NONE IS SAID.

they return to their work. At ten minutes past two None is said, and the monks repair to the refectory to partake of their well-earned repast, the first, as I have said, of the day. The remaining two offices are Vespers and Complin, said at a quarter past four and twenty-five minutes past six respectively, except in summer, when the latter office is said an hour later. After Complin follows the most striking and characteristic prayer of the Trappists, the singing of the "Salve Regina." This it is that invariably impresses the visitor far more than anything else at the monastery. I will not attempt to describe its beauty, for to me it is beyond description. It is a chant peculiar to the Trappists, and one which I have never heard elsewhere—very, very slow and solemn, but with a fulness and

earnestness which fairly raises one out of one's self. The effect is heightened by its being sung without lights, with the exception of two candles placed on the altar.

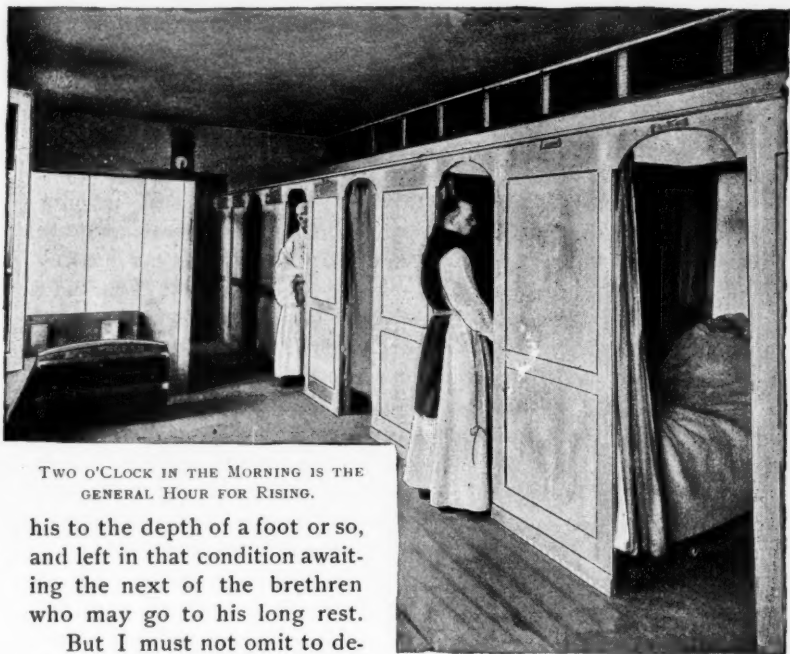
Perhaps some musician following in my footsteps, too critically cultivated to appreciate a chant whose chief attraction lies in that tenderness and pathos which flow from the heart, may consider that I have painted in too high colors the evening hymn of the saintly Trappists to their Mother. To such a one I would recall (but with no intention of thereby disparaging the excellent voices of the Oka brethren) a legend, old no doubt but none the less beautiful, of a certain monastery where the monks, aged and worn with prayer and mortification, yet never failed, as their closing duty of the day, to lift up their poor weak voices in loving salutation to the Mother of God. One day a novice came craving admission to their house and order—a novice with a fine, clear, rich voice, so powerful and yet so sweet that when he raised it in the "Salve" the poor old monks were fain to hold their breath and listen, fearing to mar the beautiful effect with their harsh croakings. But if the voice of the novice was beautiful, the novice knew it and was pleased and gratified to note the impression its beauty created. That night, when the monastery had sunk to rest, there came to the cell of one of the poor old monks a messenger radiant with the brightness of the skies, saying: "I have come from the Mother of God; she bids me to ask why this evening you omitted your wonted hymn of praise. Every evening, in all the years that the monastery has stood here, the 'Salve Regina' has ascended from it like sweet incense before her throne; but to-night she heard it not!"

At seven in winter and eight in summer the Trappist retires, but even in his sleep his mortifications follow him. I have already spoken of his sleeping in his habit; but this is not all. It is popularly said that the Trappist sleeps on boards. This is a fiction, but a fiction so near the truth that it is scarcely worthy of correction. In fact his bed is of straw; but had I not seen it and felt it, I would scarcely have believed that straw could pack so hard.

In giving this sketch of a day at La Trappe I have not, in all cases, filled in the time between each of the offices, as the duties vary so much at the different seasons, but such time is, in each case, taken up with either manual labor, study, or private prayers, the hours of study being shorter and those of work longer among the lay than among the choir monks.

There are numerous other interesting features of the rule

to which I should like to refer, but I have, I fear, already drawn too largely on the patience of my readers in this connection. I will, however, mention one thing not in the rule, though it is one of the customs one hears of most frequently as characteristic of the Trappists. It is said that they are obliged to dig a little of their graves each day, and to sleep in them at certain intervals. This tale is entirely without foundation. It may possibly have originated from the fact that whenever one of the community is buried a grave is opened next to



TWO O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING IS THE GENERAL HOUR FOR RISING.

his to the depth of a foot or so, and left in that condition awaiting the next of the brethren who may go to his long rest.

But I must not omit to describe the picturesque dress of the order. The working dress of a professed monk is white with a black scapular. During the hours devoted to study, and while in the chapel, a very full white garment is worn over this, descending in graceful folds to the ground, and with wide and long flowing sleeves; the whole presenting, as I have already said, a most graceful and picturesque appearance. In the novices the scapular is white instead of black, and the over-garment is a sleeveless white cloak reaching almost to the ground. The dress of the lay monks is of similar make, but dark brown in color, the over-mantle being a sleeveless cloak, short in the novices and long in those already professed.

And now I have, as far as space will permit and words allow, described the Trappist and his daily life, yet the sketch gives no just idea of the actual man himself. The reader has doubtless pictured him as unsociable, gloomy—even perhaps morose and severe. Nothing could be further from the truth; and this is one of the greatest of the many surprises awaiting one at La Trappe. He is the very picture of peaceful happiness and contentment, nay even of gaiety, and his smiling bow, when he meets you by chance in the corridor or on the farm, is so friendly and sociable that, though he may never address a word to you during your visit, yet when you leave you feel that you are parting with a friend.

The Trappist, too, is an enduring and conclusive answer to the objector who, when fasting and other forms of penance are spoken of, cries out against the sin of voluntarily injuring one's health. The Trappist rule is of all rules the most severe, and of the novices who attempt to enter the order a large proportion are forced to withdraw before completing their novitiate. Yet of those who persevere the majority are strong and healthy, are rarely ill, and live to an extreme old age. At the time I last visited Oka there had been only two deaths in the community in the eleven years that had then elapsed since the establishment of the monastery, and the one death I have since heard of was due to an accident. The latter case was that of a novice who had both legs taken off by some machinery with which he was working. He lived only long enough to receive the last Sacraments, and to pronounce his final vows, which he begged to be allowed to do in order that he might die a Trappist.

But what has become of the "retreat," the subject of this article? I fear I may be accused, and with some apparent reason, of deviating from the proper subject of my paper. Yet do I not plead guilty to the accusation; for the impression created by much of what I have been endeavoring to describe forms, in my opinion, by far the most important factor in the success of the retreat. To go to La Trappe and see its inmates—see their piety, their mortifications, the holy peace of their lives; hear their heartfelt prayers and their exquisite chants, and experience the saintliness which is stamped on all their actions, and which seems to pervade the very air you breathe in common with them—all this, even with nothing else, is calculated to create an impression more vivid and more lasting than any other form of religious exercise I have experienced. But there is much else besides this. The conducting of private retreats is the direct way—their constant prayers and



their powerful example being the indirect—in which they give spiritual succor to the outer world; and one of the first questions you are asked on arriving is whether you intend to make a retreat. On answering in the affirmative the abbot assigns you a spiritual director, who will thenceforth do all in his power to aid you in reaping abundant benefits from your visit. One of his first pieces of advice will doubtless be that you are not to attempt to follow the fasts of the monks, or indeed to fast at all; but that you are to eat three good meals a day, in order that you may not be distracted or disturbed in your devotions by the endeavor to practise severities to which you are not accustomed. He will then lay down a little rule of life for your guidance, conforming more or less to the general rule of the house. In the matter of getting up in the morning you may largely consult your own inclinations. If you do not propose to attend the various offices in the chapel you need not get up till five; but I would strongly advise any one with any knowledge of Latin to follow all the offices with the monks, and your director will lend you a breviary for that purpose.

The prayers laid down by the church for the daily use of her priests can hardly be improved on; and the beauty of the words is, as I have already said, immeasurably enhanced by the touching pathos of those pious voices. It would, however, be useless to attend the little office of Matins and Lauds at two, as the chapel is in total darkness, and you could not therefore follow the text. I was told I might have my own lamp lighted during this office, but my little light down at the foot of the chapel seemed such a desecration of the holy darkness that I put it out and never brought it again. The best hour to get up at is half-past two. This gives one half an hour to dress,



THE TRAPPIST IS THE VERY PICTURE OF  
PEACEFUL HAPPINESS.

and be in the chapel at three for the commencement of the canonical office. Half-past two sounds rather startling as an hour for rising, but it must be remembered that one goes to bed at seven, which gives seven hours and a half for sleep.

The most important office performed for you by your director is what he calls preparation for meditation. Three times a day he comes to your room and spends half an hour in an instruction which practically amounts to a sermon preached for your special benefit. When he leaves you you go on your knees and meditate for an hour on what he has said. This sounds alarming, and is certainly difficult at first. I shall not soon forget my first experience of it. I went carefully over all the points in the discourse, amplified them, enlarged on them, found the floor getting very hard and my knees very sore, felt that I must have been kneeling for at least an hour, and thereupon looked at my watch, to find that I had been on my knees just fifteen minutes! But that was only the first time, and one soon gets used to it; and I need hardly say what a very excellent practice it proves to be. Then there is free time which one can spend in private devotions, in walking over the farm, or else, if so inclined, in giving a helping hand with whatever work is just then going on.

Of the interior delights—the spiritual joys and consolations of the retreat, how can I speak? Let them rather be imagined by my readers, or better still, experienced by those of them who are fortunate enough to be able to do so. One thing I will say. It has frequently been declared, and I firmly believe it to be true, that no one can go to La Trappe and return home unchanged. The change wrought by your visit may be greater or it may be less, but it will be sufficient to mark an epoch in your life. You will have received an impression too profound to be easily, if indeed ever, effaced. They tell of a young man, not many years ago, a votary of fashion and pleasure and an unbeliever, who, seeing a Trappist on the street, and being attracted by his peculiar dress, was led from pure curiosity to pay a visit to the monastery of Aiguebelle, in France. Struck by what he saw he decided to remain, first for a day, then for a time sufficient to allow of his instruction and reception into the church, and finally for his novitiate. He has never passed out of those gates he entered so lightly on his mission of curiosity, and is still a happy inmate of the monastery of Aiguebelle.

And now for a few practical instructions as to how to get to the monastery. N. D. du Lac is situated on the road be-

tween Oka and St. Eustache, and may be approached from either of these points. St. Eustache is a station on the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, but is eighteen miles from the monastery. Oka, the better objective point, is on the Ottawa River, and may be reached in summer by steamer either from Montreal or Ottawa, or at any season via Como, a station just across the river on the Montreal and Ottawa Railway. From the village of Oka to the monastery is an easy walk of about three miles; or if you do not feel inclined for walking, you may get a lift on one of the abbot's farm-wagons if one chances to meet the boat, or a conveyance may be hired for a reasonable sum. If you go it would be advisable, though not perhaps strictly necessary, to write to the abbot beforehand to ask when it will be convenient to receive you, as guests are many and the accommodation, though considerable, is of course not unlimited.

You will be received as a guest, and absolutely no charge will be made for the accommodation afforded you. Nevertheless, as the monks have had a hard struggle to pay for their new monastery and other improvements, and are extremely poor, I would strongly urge a donation, in keeping with your means, to the funds of the community.

And now I must bid a reluctant farewell to the Oka monastery and its silent but saintly and happy inmates; yet not, I trust, without having awakened in my readers some slight interest in this most interesting of religious orders. Would that I could, moreover, hope through the medium of this imperfect sketch to be the happy means, under God, of inducing even one of my readers to partake of the spiritual feast which I have found awaiting me on both the occasions when I have been happy enough to enter on "a retreat at La Trappe."



MAKING THE STATIONS OF THE CROSS.

## MATTHEW ARNOLD AND THE CELTS.\*

BY M. E. HENRY-RUFFIN.



LIEN by birth and speech, this scholarly Saxon has yet the insight and the instinct of the literary scientist so keenly developed that he delves down into the rich mines of Celtism deeper than many whose sympathy must be nearer. In this age of remorseless practicality, when utilitarianism ruthlessly crushes out the mellowing influences of more merciful days, the student turns his hunting eyes towards a gracious, inviting past. Nowhere does there seem greater attraction to the apostle of sweetness and light than in the old regions of Celtism. With the unerring judgment of the poet, scientist, and scholar, he appraises at their true value the literary remains of a people once the intellectual giants of Europe; and makes a strong plea for the preservation, if only in the interest of science, of the language and literature of the Celts.

In his inimitable, crystalline diction Mr. Arnold enumerates the many attractions of this study; the rich prizes awaiting the researches of the seeker in ancient Celtic lore. His Celts are those of the broader meaning—Irish, Welsh, Breton; and from the voices of all their past he gathers grand harmonies to sound through a shallow age. Back into that deep, dim history he goes, bringing us enchanting pictures of a picturesque, poetic people; and proving to us, with his gentle logic, that much that we prize in our later literature had its genesis in that ancient race. While his researches among the literary relics of Celtism must be particularly fascinating and precious to those who are heirs to, and hold in name and descent the Celtic genius, yet must they prove almost as enticing to those divorced by race or language from any Celtic sympathy. For it is not as a national, patriotic, or local study that Mr. Arnold gives us his erudite exposition of Celtic literature, but as the exodus of a vital truth, or a procession of truths coming down to us from a too unfrequented past.

Users of the English tongue, and wedded to the belief of its supremacy and its solitary grandeur, we make little account of

\* *On the Study of Celtic Literature.* Matthew Arnold.

the Celtic influences that still linger in our intellectual life, notably in our literature. But Mr. Arnold, with the savant's wizard power, sends his divining rod down the depths of our literary elements, and brings up traces of the Celtic vein in some of our richest ores. Shakspeare! The priceless mine of English thought. Where Shakspeare is most fascinating Mr. Arnold detects the Celtic influence:

"The Celt's quick feeling for what is noble and distinguished gave his poetry style; his indomitable personality gave it pride and passion; his sensibility and nervous exaltation gave it a better gift still—the gift of rendering with wonderful felicity the magical charm of nature. . . . Now, of this delicate magic Celtic romance is so pre-eminent a mistress, that it seems impossible to believe the power did not come into romance from the Celts. Magic is just the word for it—the magic of nature; not merely the beauty of nature—that the Greeks and Latins had; not merely an honest smack of the soil, a faithful realism—that the Germans had; but the intimate life of nature, her weird power and her fairy charm. As the Saxon names of places, with the pleasant, wholesome smack of the soil in them—Weathersfield, Thaxted, Shalford—are to the Celtic names of places with their penetrating, lofty beauty—Velindra, Tintagel, Caernarvon—so is the homely realism of German and Norse nature to the fairy-like loveliness of Celtic nature. . . .

"Shakspeare, in handling nature, touches this Celtic note so exquisitely that perhaps one is inclined to be always looking for the Celtic note in him, and not to recognize his Greek note when it comes. . . .

"We have the sheer, inimitable Celtic note in passages like this:

"Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,  
By pavèd fountain or by rushy brook,  
Or in the beachèd margins of the sea.'

Or this:

"The moon shines bright. In such a night as this,  
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,  
And they did make no noise—in such a night  
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls.  
. . . "in such a night  
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew.

. . . . "in such a night  
 Stood Dido, with a willow in her hand,  
 Upon the wild sea-banks, and waved her love  
 To come again to Carthage.'

"And those last lines of all are so drenched and intoxicated with the fairy dew of that natural magic which is our theme that I cannot do better than end with them.

"And now, with the pieces of evidence in our hand, let us go to those who say it is vain to look for Celtic elements in any Englishman, and let us ask them: first, if they seize what we mean by the power of natural magic in Celtic poetry; secondly, if English poetry does not eminently exhibit this power; and thirdly, where they suppose English poetry got it from?"

Rhyme, Mr. Arnold tells us, we owe to the music-loving Celts. Then a spirit that hovers over our poetry and makes it wonderfully enchanting, where the sweep of its mystical wings is heard, has flown down to us from the days of the Celtic division. "Titanism" Mr. Arnold calls this power.

"Its chord of penetrating passion and melancholy again, its 'Titanism,' as we see it in Byron. What other European poetry possesses it like the English, and where do we get it from? The Celts, with their vehement reaction against the despotism of fact, with their sensuous nature, their manifold striving, their adverse destiny, their immense calamities—the Celts are the prime authors of this vein of piercing regret and passion—of this Titanism in poetry. A famous book, McPherson's *Ossian*, carried in the last century this vein, like a flood of lava, through Europe. I am not going to criticise McPherson's *Ossian* here. Make the part of what is forged, modern, tawdry, spurious in the book as large as you please; strip Scotland, if you like, of every feather of borrowed plumes which, on the strength of McPherson's *Ossian*, she may have stolen from that *vetus et major Scotia*, the true home of the Ossianic poetry, Ireland; I make no objection. But there will still be left in the book a residue, with the very soul of the Celtic genius in it, and which has the proud distinction of having brought this soul of the Celtic genius into contact with the genius of the nations of modern Europe, and enriched all our poetry by it. Woody Morven and echoing Sora and Selma, with its silent halls!—we all owe them a debt of gratitude, and when we are unjust

enough to forget it, may the muse forget us! . . . There is the Titanism of the Celt, his passionate, indomitable reaction against the despotism of fact; and of whom does it remind us so much as of Byron?

“The fire which on my bosom preys  
Is lone as some volcanic isle;  
No torch is kindled at its blaze—  
A funeral pile!”

Or this:

“Count o'er the joys thine hours have seen,  
Count o'er thy days from anguish free,  
And know, whatever thou hast been,  
'Tis something better not to be.’

Where in European poetry are we to find this Celtic passion of revolt so warm, breathing, puissant, and sincere; except, perhaps, in the creation of a yet greater poet than Byron—in the Satan of Milton?

. . . “What though the field be lost!  
All is not lost; the unconquerable will,  
And study of revenge, immortal hate,  
And courage never to submit or yield,  
And what is else not to be overcome.’”

“There surely speaks a genius to whose composition the Celtic fibre was not wholly a stranger.”

I wish I could dwell on Mr. Arnold's graceful outlining of the characteristics of the Celtic genius, as most clearly shown in its poetry. To use his own words:

“To know the Celtic case thoroughly one must know the Celtic people; and to know them one must know that by which a people best express themselves—their literature. Few of us have any notion what a mass of Celtic literature is extant and accessible . . . Of Irish literature the stock, printed and manuscript, is truly vast; the work of cataloguing and describing this has been admirably performed by another remarkable man, who died only the other day, Mr. Eugene O'Curry. Obscure Scaliger of a despised literature, he deserves some weightier voice to praise him than the voice of an unlearned belletristic trifler like me; he belongs to a race of the giants in literary research and industry—a race now almost extinct.”

Mr. Arnold gives some charming translations, both from the Welsh and Irish MSS.; some quaint legends that show much of the strange mingling of childish simplicity and lofty sentiment in the ancient Celts. He relates a suggestive story of Thomas Moore, who, with a poet's superb assurance, undertook to write the history of Ireland; but when confronted with the mere list and the array of voluminous works left by Celtic writers, without consulting them at all, told his friend Dr. Petrie: "Those huge tomes could not have been written by fools for any foolish purpose. I never knew anything about them before, and I had no right to undertake the history of Ireland."

Then follows a most valuable account of the best Celtic literary remains, suggestive extracts, and some passing notice of the patient, patriotic, or scientific compilers, Zeuss, O'Curry, and others. Then he gives a few philological hints, showing the relationship, the nearness of kinship, of several leading species of scientific research, Persian, Greek, and Scandinavian, with the vocabulary and the legendary lore of the Celts. It is like drawing aside a thick curtain to admit to our unsuspecting vision a series of enchanting prospects.

While Mr. Arnold, true Briton at heart, disclaims all the political hopes and aspirations of the Celts, even deprecating the efforts of the Welsh to preserve the common use of their language, considering only its claim to scientific and not practical value, he is still too conscientious a critic to overlook the immense possibilities of thorough scientific and scholarly search in the rich fields of Celtism. He gives in one succinct sentence a true key-note to some of the difficulties of Saxon supremacy:

"My brother Saxons have, it is well known, a terrible way with them of wanting to improve everything but themselves off the face of the earth; I have no such passion for finding nothing but myself everywhere; I like variety to exist and to show itself to me; and I would not for the world have the lineaments of the Celtic genius lost. . . ."

Perhaps, if some of this spirit of intelligent appreciation were a little more diffused, it might lighten the Saxon yoke that lies so heavy on Celtic shoulders, borne down by the Briton's purblind self-sufficiency and eagerness "to improve everything but himself off the face of the earth." But I fear even a touch on the sore spot of politics is foolish in the pen that aspires to dip into the beautiful ideas that Mr. Arnold awakens around



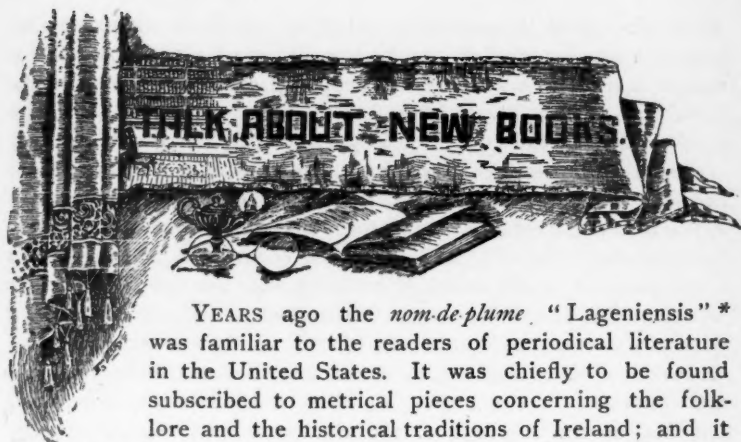
the memories of Celtic genius. It would be almost as harsh as to bring in the noisy, blatant political speaker to rout the sacred quiet of the temple; for almost like a religion is the service that highest culture can give to the ennobling study of a magnificent, reverent past.

I will lay down the audacious pen that aspires to follow Matthew Arnold with the plea that it was tempted beyond its strength, by the beauty of his theme and the charm of its treatment.

I will close with his own conclusion, assured that after reading it there need be no excuse for the length of the extract:

"A man of exquisite intelligence and charming character, the late Mr. Cobden, used to fancy that a better acquaintance with the United States was the grand panacea for us; and once in a speech he bewailed the inattention of our seats of learning to them, and seemed to think that if our ingenuous youth at Oxford were taught a little less about the Ilissus, and a little more about Chicago, we should all be the better for it. Chicago has its claims upon us, no doubt; but it is evident, that from the point of view to which I have been leading, a stimulation of our Anglo-Saxonism, such as is intended by Mr. Cobden's proposal, does not appear the thing most needful for us; seeing our American brothers themselves have rather, like us, to try and moderate the flame of Anglo-Saxonism in their own breasts, than to ask us to clap the bellows to it in ours. So I am inclined to beseech Oxford, instead of expiating her over-addiction to the Ilissus by lectures on Chicago, to give us an expounder for a still more remote-looking object than the Ilissus—the Celtic languages and literature. And yet why should I call it remote, if, as I have been laboring to show, in the spiritual frame of us English ourselves a Celtic fibre, little as we may have ever thought of tracing it, lives and works. '*Aliens in speech, in religion, in blood!*' said Lord Lyndhurst. The philologists have set him right about the speech, the physiologists about the blood; and perhaps, taking religion in the wide but true sense of our whole spiritual activity, those who have followed what I have been saying here will think the Celt is not so wholly alien to us in religion. But, at any rate, let us consider that of the shrunken and diminished remains of this great primitive race, all, with one insignificant exception, belongs to the British Empire—only Brittany is not ours; we have Ireland, the Scotch Highlands, Wales, the Isle of Man, Cornwall. They

are a part of ourselves; . . . and yet in the great and rich universities of this great and rich country there is no chair of Celtic, there is no study or teaching of Celtic matters; those who want them must go abroad for them. It is neither right nor reasonable that this should be so. Ireland has had, in the last half century, a band of Celtic students—a band with which death, alas! has of late been busy—from whence Oxford or Cambridge might have taken an admirable professor of Celtic; and with the authority of a university chair, a great Celtic scholar, on a subject little known, and where all would have readily deferred to him, might have by this time doubled our facilities for knowing the Celt, by procuring for this country Celtic documents which were inaccessible here, and preventing the dispersion of others which were accessible. It is not much that the English government does for science or literature; but if Eugene O'Curry, from a chair of Celtic at Oxford, had appealed to the government to get him copies or the originals of the Celtic treasures in the Burgundian Library at Brussels, or in the library of St. Isidore's College at Rome, even the English government could not well have refused him. . . . At this moment, when the narrow Philistinism, which has long had things its own way in England, is showing its natural fruits, and we are beginning to feel ashamed and uneasy and alarmed at it; now, when we are becoming aware that we have sacrificed to Philistinism culture and insight and dignity; . . . at such a moment, it needs some moderation not to be attacking Philistinism by storm, but to mine it through such gradual means as the slow approaches of culture, and the introduction of chairs of Celtic. But the hard unintelligence, which is just now our bane, cannot be conquered by storm. . . . Let us reunite ourselves with our better mind and with the world through science; and let it be one of our angelic revenges on the Philistines, who among their other sins are the guilty authors of Fenianism, to found at Oxford a chair of Celtic, and to send, through the gentle ministration of science, a message of peace to Ireland."



YEARS ago the *nom-de-plume* "Lageniensis" \* was familiar to the readers of periodical literature in the United States. It was chiefly to be found subscribed to metrical pieces concerning the folklore and the historical traditions of Ireland; and it was prized by many an enthusiast in this interesting field of research for the light which it shed on a fast-vanishing host of Celtic memories. In after years it transpired that Lageniensis was none other than the Rev. John Canon O'Hanlon, now the venerable parish priest of Irishtown, Dublin. The fugitive pieces which then excited so much interest have been since collected by the author.

Father O'Hanlon's tastes seem to have always lain in the direction of archæology. He is a very distinguished antiquarian, and his works on pre-Christian and Mediæval Ireland are consequently highly prized, more for their matter than for their manner. If the gentle and venerable priest had as winning a style in literature as in personal disposition and converse, he would occupy a topmost pinnacle of fame. But he is of the homely and circumlocutory school in his prose, and his poetry, while in many places displaying a graceful fancy and a deep sympathy with nature and humanity, sometimes chooses some very awkward vehicles of expression. When it takes the epic shape, however, and tells of the warlike doings of the early chiefs of Leix in the memorable struggles of the Elizabethan wars, it becomes graphic and thrilling. Many of the fairy legends, too, possess a quaint and pleasant flavor, and transmit the spirit of Irish peasant humor in as delicate a way as the medium of an uncongenial alien tongue allows.

The profusion of notes which elucidate the topographical and historical references in these poems display the reverential antiquarian spirit in which the author always set about his work.

\* *The Poetical Works of Lageniensis.* Dublin: James Duffy & Co., Wellington Quay.

They give them a distinctive value for all those who seek illumination on the incidents and personalities of a great racial and religious struggle which has no proper parallel in European history, and out of which have flowed consequences which have deeply affected the course of history on two continents.

Dr. Nansen is one of the very few who at the present time are still filled with enthusiasm for Arctic exploration. In 1888 he made the first journey across Greenland, former explorers having been content with skirting the coasts, and at the present moment he is in the midst of an altogether unexampled attempt to reach the North Pole by following what he believes to be a current flowing from the north of Siberia to the north-east of Greenland. He spent a year among the Eskimos. The volume \* now published is not merely an account of their life and habits based upon this experience, but also an attempt to awaken the public to a sense of the wrongs which have been inflicted upon this race by the representatives of modern civilization. The book is on this account written in a somewhat pessimistic and despairing tone, which may perhaps defeat the object of its author. He is also somewhat too severe upon Christianity, as he allows himself to condemn it as a whole on account of the failure of some of its least qualified representatives. But the fact that it is written with a moral aim places it above a mere book of travels or description, and the fact that Dr. Nansen is its author renders it deserving of serious attention.

To the young or old there is, after all, no species of fiction that satisfies so well as that of well-told adventure. So long as human nature is what it is, the epic, in the hands of the skilful narrator, will hold the field against all other comers, and the more real and human it is the more it must interest. Mr. W. Clarke Russell's novels stand in the forefront of this class of literature. They are chiefly of the sea, and while they abound in the technique of the sailing ship, the phraseology is at all times the necessary complement of the incident. In this adjustment of method and intention Mr. Russell shows consummate skill. In his latest work, *The Emigrant Ship*,† his gift shines conspicuously. But in other respects the work is ill-balanced. For the first hundred pages or so the interest is well sustained; but in the latter part the tale drags so heavily that not

\* *Eskimo Life*. By Friedjof Nansen. Translated by William Archer. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

† *The Emigrant Ship*. By W. Clarke Russell. New York: Cassell Publishing Company.

all the author's literary art can save it from the suspicion of having been written merely to fill up a certain number of pages according to contract. The leading idea worked out is one which will be received with very mixed feelings by the advocates of the rights of women. Mr. Russell shows it to be feasible to train the softer sex to the hardships of a life at sea—climb to the top-gallant yards, clew up sails, haul at cables and chains, and all the rest of the manual drudgery. This is almost the *reductio ad absurdum* of the argument, and perhaps it is with such an intent it is propounded. The literary style of the book is faultless. In it the strength of the Anglo-Saxon element in English is chiefly relied on, and the sesquipedalian monstrosity ignored as much as possible. The reading of such a book is in itself a choice exercise in the English language, leading into pastures which, to the vast multitude of English-speaking people, are entirely fresh and strange. The more the pity. There is a sturdy expressiveness in those short nouns and adjectives which none can fail to admire. Taking the work with all its drawbacks, it is bracing and healthful to read after a course of wishy-washy, finicking, drawing-room trash, full of psychological subtleties and thinly-veiled appeals to the passions of the overfed and the idle.

A seasonable gift-book has just been issued by Benziger Brothers. It is a very tasteful edition of the work of Dr. Gilmary Shea, entitled *Little Pictorial Lives of the Saints*.\* The binding is in a rich combination of gold, blue and black, in appropriate emblematic ornamentation, and the work abounds throughout with excellent wood engravings of the chief subjects treated. Besides the hagiologic narratives, the volume contains pointed and suitable reflections in connection with them for every day of the year.

A gift-book, we suppose for the bereaved, is the collection of threnodies entitled *A Symphony of the Spirit*.† It is a tasteful little volume in its dress, but the contents lead us to think that they have been selected with the idea of giving balm to minds steeped in fantasies of spiritualism and theosophy. The extracts culled for mottoes on the frontispiece smack not a little of blasphemy, so far as it may be conveyed by the collocation of the Divine Name with that of one of its rankest enemies—Mazini to wit.

\* *Little Pictorial Lives of the Saints*. By John Gilmary Shea, LL.D. New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *A Symphony of the Spirit*. Compiled by George S. Merriam. New York and Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The *Angelus Domini*\* is a compilation of many poems on the Blessed Virgin made with discrimination and good judgment. The compiler, a Protestant lady, has gathered from many gardens the flowers that she arranges, with good taste, into a pretty bouquet, and places them at the shrine of the Blessed Virgin. It gives us peculiar pleasure to read the praises of our Blessed Mother bespoken by one who, though not of our faith, yet has a high appreciation of the beauty of the devotion.

---

I.—THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.†

The High-Church Anglican movement has produced a series of writers whose earnestness and devout spirit one can but admire, and whose work would be of permanent value had they the fulness and certainty of the Catholic faith. But their writings exhibit the faults and inconsistencies, as well as the better qualities, of that movement of which they are the outcome. They are tentative reachings out after the Catholic faith, but as there is no authoritative standard of doctrine in the Anglican communion, each writer decides for himself what he will consider "Catholic," and feels his way along with no absolute certainty. To a Catholic, therefore, such a book as this is only of value as indicating one stage of the High-Church advance.

The author has a charming literary style, and shows evidence of wide reading and very devout feeling. But even the party divisions in the Episcopal Church have further subdivisions, and he has only reached the second of the three stages through which High-Church opinion has gone on the subject of Purgatory and the Communion of Saints. He therefore rejects the Catholic belief affirmed definitively at the Council of Florence, that those saints who have finished their purgation are reigning with Christ in heaven. He does not explain why those who have no further need of suffering should still be detained in Purgatory. To vindicate his Anglicanism to his Protestant readers he speaks often of the "primitive church" and "medæval corruptions." He includes in the latter the belief in a treasury of merits, on which the doctrine of indulgences depends, and incorrectly speaks of it as having been condemned

\* *Angelus Domini*; with *Legendary Lays and Poems in Honor of the Blessed Virgin Mary*. Edited and compiled by "A Daughter of the Church," author of *St. Luke*, etc. New York: Baker, Taylor & Co.

† *The Communion of Saints: A Lost Link in the Chain of the Church's Creed*. By Rev. Wyllys Rede. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

by the Council of Trent. He mars his work again by asserting the absolutely false Protestant charge that many Catholics give to Mary the worship due to God alone. When he objects to our asking so many things through her, we answer him, as he himself tells us the ancient fathers answered the heathen who challenged their oft-repeated invocations of the saints, by pointing out that such prayers have been "so evidently and abundantly answered as to prove that they were in accordance with the will of God." One need not go to Lourdes and the marvels wrought at that famous shrine to learn what the Blessed Mother can do for us. Every devout Catholic heart can bear witness to many blessings asked for and received through Mary's prayers.

It is almost pathetic to find an author like this assuring his readers that "the church is our guide and teacher" in this matter. What church? The Anglican? If this writer's doctrine is true, then the majority of Anglican divines have been heretics; if they are right, then he is a heretic. The author unconsciously deals a severe blow to his own theory of the Anglican communion's being a portion of the true church by the second title of his book, "A Lost Link in the Chain of the Church's Creed." Undoubtedly Anglicanism did lose the doctrine of the Communion of Saints; but that church against which the gates of hell should not prevail, that church which our Lord promised to guide by the Holy Ghost into all truth—the Catholic Church—never has lost and never *could* lose any part of its divine faith.

---

2.—MANUAL FOR FRENCH AND ENGLISH MISSIONS.\*

A book much needed by the clergy engaged in mission-work where the population is partly English and partly French has been published by the Right Rev. Bishop of Burlington. The manual contains a series of short instructions in both languages, for all the Sundays and feasts in the year, chiefly derived from *L'Appendice ou Compendium* of the Archbishops of Quebec. As that work is mostly composed of decrees and ordinances proper to Canadian provinces, it has been found unsuitable for church purposes in the United States; hence the necessity of Bishop de Goesbriand's excellent adaptation. The fact that its publication is accompanied by the benediction of the Holy Father gives it a peculiarly distinctive value.

\* *Manuel du Prêtre aux Etats-Unis, en Anglais et en Français.* Par Louis de Goesbriand, Evêque de Burlington, Vt. New York: Fr. Pustet.

## 3.—THE SPIRITUAL LIFE.\*

There is something very charming in the clear, simple, and direct treatment of the inner processes of the soul's conversion and perfection, given to the English public in this new volume on the spiritual life. It is very simple, yet at the same time it is masterful. Like a skilful surgeon, with no flourish of trumpets or any great ado, the author sets to work with the keen, sharp spiritual scalpel to dissect the various conditions of mind and states of soul, laying bare one after the other the spiritual states, and all the time the reader feels that he is looking on and following a master, one who has made the spiritual life the subject of his most intimate study.

Many people nowadays are quite satisfied with themselves if they are able to keep the Commandments, and as a consequence never strive for anything more. These same people will say that it is hard enough to keep the Commandments, never for a moment thinking that it is so hard simply because they never strive to do a little more.

We would recommend for just this class of people the study of the spiritual life, and as a text-book we know of none more charming, simple, and direct than this work that Father Donovan has given us.

## 4.—THE STUDY OF PASTORAL THEOLOGY.†

This book is one of three volumes comprised in a treatise on Pastoral Theology which has run into its ninth edition within a very short while in Germany. It is not merely a translation from the German, but is rather an adaptation, putting aside what was purely local in the original book and introducing the advices and recommendations of the Baltimore Councils. The English language has been singularly devoid of professional treatises on Pastoral Theology, and in the curriculum of studies in the seminary its place has been filled by some lectures by a professor; yet when we consider the importance of the field it covers, nothing less than the cure of souls in the external order,

\* *A Treatise of Spiritual Life*, leading man by an easy and clear method from the commencement of conversion to the very summit of sanctity. Translated from the Latin of Monsignor C. J. Morozzo by Rev. D. A. Donovan, O.Cist. Poplar Bluff, Mo.

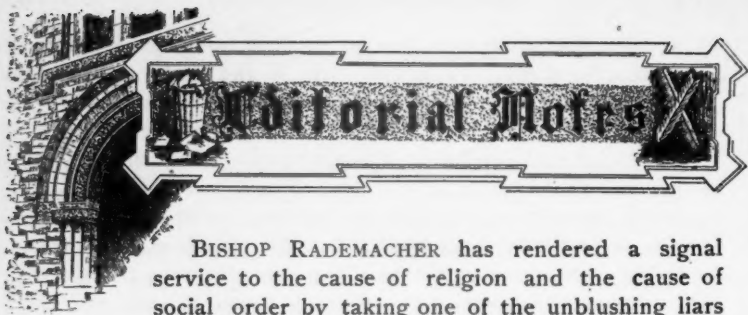
† *The Priest in the Pulpit: A Manual of Homiletics and Catechetics*. Adapted from the German of Rev. Ignaz Schwach, O.S.B., by Rev. Boniface Luebberrmann, Professor at Mount St. Mary's Seminary, Cincinnati. With a Preface by Most Rev. William H. Elder, D.D., Archbishop of Cincinnati. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Bros.



we wonder that more time and place have not been given to it as a scientific study. Years are spent in the study of dogmatic and moral theology. Ascetical theology is taught in conference, and practically learned in daily meditation and weekly counsel of the director of souls; but the application of all this sacerdotal knowledge in the practical work of a priest's life has been left more or less to the good sense of each priest in the circumstances in which he finds himself, or the bishop makes for him.

It goes without saying that this good sense may be informed to a very great advantage by the experience of men who have gone through long years of work, and who, by their wisdom and prudence, are in a position to advise. This is the special province of Pastoral Theology. For this reason the work of Father Luebbermann is of very great value at the present juncture. It treats particularly of the "teaching office," how the duty of preaching and catechising should be fulfilled, and for practical detail the advice is very minute. It would be pleasing if it could be said that the standard of preaching could be raised no higher in Catholic churches. As the generation of church-builders passes away, the new generation, with sharpened intellect and heart craving for religious nourishment, will demand a more abundant supply of mental and spiritual food from the pulpit. This supply must be afforded them. The new generation of priests will, therefore, be obliged to cultivate more and more the preaching instinct. According to the wise counsel of the Holy Father, the sacred Scripture must be more thoroughly absorbed and more completely assimilated, that its life-giving lessons may animate the souls of the hearers, and, moreover, the manner of conveying these salutary truths must be more and more perfected, so that the light of the Holy Spirit may not be dimmed or refracted as it passes through the medium of the preacher's mind. To achieve the former—the acquisition of a better knowledge of Holy Scripture—the latest and best book is the life-work of Father Vaughan, *The Divine Armory of Holy Scripture*;\* to cultivate the latter, we may recommend this new work, *The Priest in the Pulpit*.

\* Catholic Book Exchange, 120 West 60th Street, New York.



BISHOP RADEMACHER has rendered a signal service to the cause of religion and the cause of social order by taking one of the unblushing liars of the A. P. A. cult by the collar and dragging him to the public pillory. He did not do so without ample provocation. It was when the foul tongue of the libeller directed its malice against the spotless fame of the sisterhood who conduct the orphanage at Fort Wayne, and the clergy who officiate there, that he deemed it his duty to intervene. It was in a local sheet called *The American Eagle* that the villanous aspersions appeared. The bishop deemed it his duty at once to take the matter up, and the result has proved that the bishop was right in relying upon the justice and manhood of an American jury to protect the interests of decency and truth. He has been awarded five hundred dollars damages against the editor of the *Eagle*, one William P. Bidwell. All honor to Bishop Rademacher!

---

The aspirations of many a lover of purity and patriotic valor will be gratified by the intelligence that the Congregation of Rites have just found that the case for the beatification of Jeanne Darc has been proved. The evidence has long been in process of sifting, and a special meeting was held at the beginning of February to put the question to a vote. Cardinal Parocchi went over the whole case in an exhaustive speech, detailing the proofs of the miracles attributed to the Maid of Orleans and dilating upon her extraordinary virtues, her childlike innocence and simplicity, and the wonderful story of her behavior before the executioners who called themselves her judges. There are in existence, fortunately, the most ample records of her trial (so called), as also a detailed report of the rehabilitation proceedings which took place about thirty years subsequent to her execution, at which latter many of the witnesses at the original indictment were re-examined; and the documentary evidence, which has been kept with the utmost care, is extraordinarily clear down to the smallest verbal detail. The

Pope, acting on the report of the Congregation, now gives leave for the introduction of the process of beatification, using, according to immemorial custom, his baptismal name of Joachim, reserving his pontifical name for the following decrees. The members of the Congregation of Rites present on this memorable occasion were Cardinal Aloisi-Masella, Prefect of Rites; and Cardinals Parocchi, Bianchi, Melchers, Ricci-Paracciani, Ruffo-Scilla, Mocenni, Verga, Macilla, Macchi, and Langenieux.

---

That remarkable address of Archbishop Ireland's upon "The Church and the Age," spoken at the jubilee celebration of Cardinal Gibbons at Baltimore, has been printed as a pamphlet by the Catholic Truth Society, and published by Murphy & Co., of Baltimore. Its price is fifteen cents a copy, but the Buffalo branch of the Catholic Truth Society is distributing it gratis in that city, and is ready to supply any non-Catholic who wishes to ask for it. This is a most commendable course, and one deserving of extensive imitation. The stimulus of a trumpet blast is the feeling induced by the reading of the eloquent archbishop's address. It is bracing and rousing, and stirs up all the sluggish energies. The church which produces men who write and preach as Archbishop Ireland preaches, the candid reader must say, is not an effete thing but as full of life as the circling universe.

---

Events of the gravest importance, in a moral as well as a political sense, are passing before our view in Great Britain. One of those great national crises has arisen there, and the outcome cannot but be a momentous alteration in the condition of political parties, and perhaps in the very constitution of the country. The crisis is a dual one. There is a religious and moral struggle going on simultaneously with a deadly political tug-of-war.

---

The religious question is being fought out at the school boards. It was impossible that the system of bringing up children in ignorance of religious and moral duties could go on for ever with such spectacles before the eyes of the English people as its results on the Continent. Every death-dealing bomb which has been flung amongst innocent people, since the anarchist movement began, was the horrible reply to the demand for an infidel education for the children. We, who are confronted with a similar trouble here, may well observe what is being done over the question by the thoughtful English people. The

London School Board may be taken as perhaps the highest example of intelligence and earnestness in its work; and we find that body now passing a resolution to the effect that it is necessary that "Christian religion and morality" be taught in the public schools of the metropolis.

---

The full significance of this victory can hardly be grasped all at once. It means the overthrow of the formidable Nonconformist power on the school board—a force which for so long appeared to be as unassailable as the mass of Gibraltar. There was no greater paradox in the world than the opposition of the Nonconformists to religious teaching in the schools. The *raison d'être* of Nonconformity was supposed to be religious zeal, and desire for truth and freedom in spiritual concerns. How this motive came to be reconciled with the negation of all religion in the bringing up of the young is one of those amazing mysteries of human reasoning which drive philosophers mad.

---

In the political realm things have come to that sort of *impasse* which always ends in a burst-up. That long-impending fight between the two Houses of Parliament has at length begun, and begun in grim earnest. All over the country meetings of exasperated citizens are clamoring for the removal of the arrogant and irresponsible obstruction known as the House of Lords. It is little wonder that such a sentiment has been at last generally evoked. Indeed, it would seem as though the Lords were determined to prove to the people that they were, as a legislative body, nothing short of a dangerous nuisance. Nothing could possibly be more fatuous than their course of late. They have taken every occasion to demonstrate that they exist only as the defenders of class power and selfish interest. Every popular measure sent up by the present Parliament has either been flung out by them in derision, or so dissected and mutilated as to be utterly unserviceable for the purpose intended. This has been the treatment awarded the Employers' Liability Bill and the Parish Councils Bill. Blooded by their immunity over the rejection of the Home-Rule Bill, they have set to work to "amend" the two latter measures in the interests of the employer and the local squire in a way that shows that their creed is that property may have duties, but it certainly has rights. Hence the feeling against these representatives of a detested principle is one of white heat.

At the head of the movement against the House of Lords stands the National Liberal Federation. This powerful body has issued its programme for the coming campaign. It is significant beyond any of its predecessors in that for the first time it takes cognizance of the deadly liquor-traffic in its platform. It demands the principles of one-man-one-vote, the payment of popular representatives, reform of the machinery of Parliamentary registration, a single day for general elections all the country over, and local control of the liquor-traffic.

These, or the more important ones of them, are the measures which it will be necessary to pass before the battle of Home Rule is finally won for Ireland. The battle may now be said to have really begun. All the signs and tokens point to the approach of a dissolution of Parliament and a rousing appeal to the country by Mr. Gladstone.

---

#### NEW BOOKS.

- FR. PUSTET & Co., New York:  
*Officium Hebdomadae Majoris a Dominica in Palmis usque ad Sabbatam in Albis.*
- CASELL PUBLISHING COMPANY, New York:  
*A Superfluous Woman.* Anonymous.
- FREDERICK WARNE & Co., London:  
*History of England and the British Empire.* By Edgar Sanderson, M.D.
- LIBRAIRIE FISCHBACHER, Paris:  
*Vie de St. François d'Assisi.* Par Paul Sabatier.
- GEORGE H. ELLIS, Boston:  
*The Spirit of God.* By Protap Chunder Mozoomdar.
- MACMILLAN & Co., London and New York:  
*Witnesses to the Unseen, and other Essays.* By Wilfrid Ward.
- LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., New York:  
*The Little Sisters of the Poor.* By Mrs. Abel Ram. *Speculum Sacerdotum*; or, The Divine Model of the Priestly Life. By the Rev. W. C. E. Newbolt, M.A., Canon and Chancellor of St. Paul's Cathedral.
- CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY of Ottawa:  
*Anglican Claims in the Light of History.* By Joseph Pope. Pamphlet No. 5.
- BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:  
*The Prison Life of Marie Antoinette and her Children, the Dauphin and the Duchess d'Angoulême.* By M. C. Bishop. New and revised edition, with portrait. *Joan of Arc.* By John O'Hagan, late Judge of the Supreme Court of Judicature. *At Home near the Altar.* Second series of "Moments before the Tabernacle." By Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J. *The Household Poetry Book.* An anthology of English-speaking poets from Chaucer to Faber. Edited by Aubrey de Vere. With biographical and critical notes, and portrait of the editor.

## THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS RELATING TO READING CIRCLES, LISTS OF BOOKS, ETC., SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION, NO. 415 WEST FIFTY-NINTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

THE Librarian of Congress, Mr. A. R. Spofford, is a reliable authority for the statement that in no other period of American literature has there been so much writing and publishing as at the present time. Formerly authors relied almost wholly upon the book publishers; the modern literary syndicate had no existence. The United States had ten years ago less than half the number of reviews, magazines, and periodicals now in the market. The total for 1893 is ten hundred and fifty-one, as contrasted with a total of four hundred and twenty-eight in the year 1883. The best writers are sought for by the magazines; many excellent productions of recent years cannot be found in book-form. Among librarians it is a common experience that the latest and best information on many subjects is sought for by readers, not in books but in the back numbers of current periodicals. Our Reading Circles will find ample opportunities for profitable work in magazine literature. We wish to recommend again the practice of having passages from magazines and newspapers read and discussed at meetings, in addition to the regular order of exercises.

\* \* \*

We are indebted to Helen Raymond Grey for the following notice of a recent book by a Catholic author, which has won high praise from the most competent judges. It is entitled *The American Girl at College*, by Lida Rose McCabe, and is published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. The facts set forth are the result of a personal visit to each of the colleges under consideration—Vassar, Smith, Wellesley, Bryn Mawr, Harvard Annex, Mt. Holyoke, and the Woman's College. While a vast number of American girls are possessed of the desire of a college degree, few of them understand how to make the choice of an Alma Mater; also, while many parents are willing enough to let their daughters study to their hearts' content, objections to and uncomplimentary valuations of the college girl are so numerous upon all sides that older people are apt to doubt for a while and ultimately conclude their girls will be better off at home, safe from being thought "queer" and "masculine" and being christened "cranks." Miss McCabe does not shrink from the points either for or against a college education for girls; but it would take an exceptionally biassed mind not to realize that, granting some faults which are still to be overcome in some college-bred women, the advantages more than atone for them. Remember the girl at college is still the exception rather than the rule, although all the women's colleges are rapidly growing. The conservatism which used to exist is rapidly disappearing, and "Progress" is now the motto of those in charge of the higher education of women. Whatever narrowness might have been decried in former times as hampering both the faculty and students of women's colleges is happily a thing of the past, and if anywhere a vestige of the early condition remains, it will soon be utterly swept away in the energetic effort of all interested in this advanced movement to give girls in every sense a "liberal" education. We should especially recommend Miss McCabe's book to parents who are prejudiced against women's colleges.

However, the book is not an advertisement, nor merely an argument in favor of what may still be deemed a new departure. It is full of information relative to the course, requirements, rules, and expenses connected with Vassar, Bryn Mawr, Wellesley, etc. Almost any one can learn something from it. For instance, we imagined we knew a great deal about girls' colleges, yet it took *The American Girl at College* to acquaint us with the fact that at Bryn Mawr there are not only the usual classes of students—*i. e.*, graduate-students and undergraduates—but a third class called "hearers." This last class is a fine opportunity for women who have left their first girlhood behind them and who would not care to attempt the matriculation examinations. A hearer must be at least twenty-five years old and qualified by certain certificates of former study.

That the book fills a want is indisputable, and that it is calculated to help many a girl to decide upon which college she might be fit to enter, giving her an intelligent outline of what she may expect at each, we feel certain. Catalogues are all very well in their way, so are the enthusiastic praises of girl friends lauding their own Alma Mater. For those who want a concise account of the merits and requirement of *all* the favorite colleges for women, and also of the co-educational institutions, there is no better source of general information and practical suggestion than *The American Girl at College*.

\*

\*

\*

The many students and friends of the Catholic Summer-School will be pleased to learn that a cable from Rome was received announcing that Bishop Gabriels, in an audience with Pope Leo XIII., had obtained from His Holiness a formal approval of the Catholic Summer-School.

Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, D.D., President of the Catholic Summer-School, has issued a circular in which he urges active work :

I am proud to transmit this good news to all who are interested in our work, and especially to the students of the school.

They will hail the news with joy, as another evidence of the unceasing interest with which the great Pontiff watches the intellectual movements of the age, and especially in the church in America, which claims so large a share of his love and pride.

This word will give cheer to our students and courage to our leaders. We never had any doubt as to the ultimate success of our movement. We are now certain of success, as God's blessing is on it in a marked degree, in the blessing of His Vicar on earth, to whom our school has pledged its best love and strongest loyalty.

Our hearts fill with gratitude to God for this unexpected blessing, coming to us just when our hands are lifted to lay the foundations of our material structure.

We earnestly pray that the school may be always true to the ideals placed before it, that it may be a blessing to our people and a pride to our church and country.

In God's name, under the inspiration of the immortal Leo XIII., let all unite to make it worthy of the people who have called it into existence, worthy of our bishops who have commend it, and worthy of the Pontiff who stretches forth his hand to help and guide us in its work, as an aid to our church and our citizenship.

\*

\*

\*

In a communication to the *Catholic Times* of Philadelphia Rev. J. F. Loughlin, D.D., declared very plainly the form of co-operation, besides good wishes which are without cash value, that is most urgently needed. His words were :

The question of the future life and success of the Summer-School is now entirely in the hands of the wealthier class of the faithful. We have demonstrated that able lectures and earnest students are forthcoming in abundance, if the managers receive sufficient financial backing to enable them to change their four hundred and fifty acres into a fitting dwelling-place for the school. All that we ask is that those who can afford the expense hasten to buy building-lots from us and erect cottages. The prices of the lots range from two hundred dollars upwards, and even from a business stand-point the investment is quite safe and desirable. But here more than ever the proverb is verified:

"He giveth double who giveth quickly."

We have already received much (some of it good) advice. Now for the men who are willing to venture a little money in a great cause.

\* \* \*

We wish that many of our friends would take the time to write an account of rare books for this department such as is contained in this letter:

Members of Reading Circles must delight in good books of all kinds. The more cultivated the taste for good reading the deeper the interest in good books. The more one concerns himself about books, editions, publishers, catalogues, writers, magazines, papers, etc., etc., the stronger and stronger grows the attraction toward libraries and books, till at last one becomes infatuated and takes on that quiet mania—not a bad mania to have if ills of any kind be good—bibliomania. If this does not suit you, I will say that by reading and studying and seeing and talking about books one becomes a bibliophile. I have just had an evidence of this in a Reading Circle man—I mean a man deeply interested in the success of the Reading Circle work. By gradual process he has arrived at that stage of "bibliophileness" to seek for the rare edition. He recently put in my hands a book published by subscription in 1800, at Liverpool, by J. McCreery, Haughton Street, *The Life of Robert Burns*, being Volume I. of the *Works of Robert Burns* in four volumes. Alas! three volumes are missing, being given away by the father of my friend to whom these volumes once belonged. By the way, did you ever notice that a love of books goes along with a love of men? The volume contains that admirable letter of Burns's, written to Dr. Moore, giving a sketch of his own life, written while Burns was suffering from that fatal illness which cost him his life—written, as Burns says, "to divert my spirits a little in the miserable fog of *ennui*." Those of your readers who find pleasure and profit in the study of the composite in character, let them read the life of Burns. By the way, there is an interesting bit of history recorded in the volume before me in regard to the effects of the legal establishment of parochial schools in Scotland. In 1646 the Parliament of Scotland made provision for the establishment of a school in every parish in the kingdom. Under Charles II., in 1660, this statute was repealed, but was re-enacted by the Scottish Parliament in 1696—"and," says the author, who wrote in 1800, "this is the last provision on the subject." Appendix I., Note A, gives an interesting account of these legislative provisions, in which reference is made to the beginning of our common-school system. "There is now," says the writer, "a legal provision for parochial schools, or rather for a school in each of the different townships into which the country is divided, in several of the Northern States of North America." There is much that is interesting and instructive in this old volume published in 1800.

M. C. M.



